

No 852

SEP. 30TH 1914

5 Cents.

PLUCK AND LUCK

Up Against Odds

OF PADDLING HIS OWN CANOE
AND OTHER STORIES

By BERTOLD BREITENW



The Italian hurled a blacking brush at him. He dodged it and it landed full in the face of a citizen who was passing, making a large black spot in his cheek. The indignant citizen rushed at him.

FRANK TOUSEY, PUBLISHER. 168 W. 23RD ST.
NEW-YORK

PLUCK AND LUCK

Stories of Adventure

Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered as Second-Class Matter February 10, 1913, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under act of March 3, 1879. Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1914, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., by Frank Tousey, Publisher, 168 West 23d St., New York.

No. 852.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 30, 1914.

Price 5 Cents.

UP AGAINST ODDS

—OR—

PADDLING HIS OWN CANOE

By **BERTON BERTREW**

CHAPTER I.

HOW TEDDY MALONE FOUND HIMSELF UP AGAINST ODDS.

Teddy Malone was fourteen years old when his mother died, after which he and his sister Katie were alone in the wide, wide world. By selling newspapers he had helped his mother to keep a little home of three rooms, but now it was a question with him whether he could keep the little home for himself and Katie, who was scarcely twelve years of age.

Katie was a bright little girl, and was a good little house-keeper, but her loving heart seemed broken when they took her mother away out to the cemetery.

The rent had been paid for the month about a week before her mother's death, which was a very sudden one; so they were sure of the home for three weeks if they couldn't keep it any longer.

It was one of many little homes in a great tenement house in New York City.

The rent was seven dollars a month.

Teddy had been earning about ten dollars a month by selling papers, for he was out early of mornings, and worked hard all day.

The neighbors in the house had been kind to them, but they were all alike financially—very poor.

The next day after the funeral Mrs. Morrissey, their mother's most intimate friend, had a talk with Teddy about the future of himself and little Katie.

"Teddy, my boy," she said to him, "just before your mother died the last word she said to me was, 'Please be a mother to my little Katie.'"

"Yes," said Teddy. "I heard her. She knew that I could take care of myself, and I can take care of Katie, too, if you won't let the society take her away from me."

"Sure and I'll not let them do it; but how will you be afther keeping the home?"

"I'll keep it by paying the rent. I've paid it all myself during the last year, and a little more besides. The rooms are next to yours. If you'll just say to them that mother gave Katie to you I can pay you for her board, even if I can't pay the rent."

"And where will you be afther living?"

"Don't worry about me. I can take care of myself. The rent is paid for the month, and we've got three weeks of it yet."

Mrs. Morrissey had children of her own. Her husband was a big, brawny truckman, who earned fifteen dollars a week.

Among her children was a boy about the size and age of Teddy, and they were great friends. His name was James, but he was known only as Jimmie.

Then there was a girl about the same age as Katie, and her name was Ellen.

Then there was a bunch of younger children. It seems to fall to the lot of all poor people to have a house full of children.

Pat Morrissey, their father, was a big-hearted fellow, and when his wife talked with him about the Malone children he told her to do just as she pleased about them.

"The bye," said he, "is got the right stuff in him, I'm thinking, and they'll be no expense to us. At any rate, you can try it for the three weeks that remains of their rent."

Mrs. Morrissey told Teddy about it, and the plucky little fellow said:

"All right."

Katie went to school with Ellen Morrissey, and the key of the three rooms was left with Ellen's mother every day.

Teddy was out early selling papers, and never worked harder in his life than he did that morning. He realized that he would have to earn more money than he had been doing, as now every cent of expense devolved upon him. His experience at selling papers told him that after the first two morning hours paper selling was poor business until the afternoon papers appeared.

He knew that he was too young to procure a situation in any store at remunerative wages.

Among all of his street acquaintances was a youth a year or so older than himself, called Billy Black, who was a boot-black.

"Billy," said he one day, "I'd like to be a shiner."

"Eh? What's that?" Billy asked.

"I've got to turn shiner. Mother's dead, you know, and I've not only got to pay the rent, but buy all the grub, and there ain't money enough in papers for me to do that."

"All right, Teddy. Get your box and brush and we'll run together."

"What'll a box and brush cost?" Teddy asked.

Billy told him, and Teddy shook his head, saying:

"I ain't got money enough, Billy."

"How much have you got?"

Teddy told him, and Billy thrust his hand down into the bottom of his trousers' pockets, and fished up a handful of pennies and nickels.

He counted out enough to make up the necessary amount.

"I've got it," he said, "and I'll lend it to you."

Teddy thanked him, and added his own cash to it, whereupon Billy took him down to a place in Center street where bootblacks' supplies were sold.

There he was fitted out with a bootblack's box, strap, brushes and a box of "Bixby's Best."

"Now, Teddy, do you know how to make a good shine?" Billy asked him.

"Yes; I've handled a brush many a time."

"All right. You know that some of the boys will kick about your getting on their beat, and we've got to fight it out with them."

"Yes; and that's what I don't want to do."

"You've got to do it, Teddy. There ain't no way of gettin' around it. If you paddle your own canoe you've got to run up against a whole lot of snags."

"Yes; but all these other shiners are friends of mine."

"That's so; but you've got to make a living. There ain't

no other world for you to live in but this one, and it's big enough for all of us."

"Say, Billy, ain't there any other world but this one?"

"Not that I know of. If there is, we've got to die to get there. This world's good enough for me, and I am in no hurry to go to any other one."

They went to the City Hall Square, where a great many bootblacks and newsboys did business between Broadway and Park Row.

When the other newsboys and bootblacks saw Teddy with his box swung over his shoulder they crowded around him, and asked all sorts of questions. The newsboys wanted to know if he was going to quit selling papers, and the bootblacks wanted to find out where he was going to work.

Naturally the latter objected to having an addition to their number, as they were already crowded.

"See here, fellers," said Billy, "you've got to be easy with Teddy. His mother's dead, you know, and now the rent and the price of the grub all falls on him, and he's got a sister to take care of. So if you've got any hearts in you you'll give him a fair show. There's nothing mean about him, and what he is going to do he has just got to do. It's a case of root hog or die, and this is the only rootin' ground for him. Now, I want to know if any of you fellers are going to kick."

"Yes; I am," said the largest bootblack in the crowd, a youth of fully seventeen years of age, but all the little fellows cried:

"Ah, g'wan!"

"Let him stick to his papers," said the big fellow, "as he has been doin'. There's too many shiners on the street, anyhow."

"Ah, g'wan!" growled the little fellows again. "Teddy's all right, and we'll give him a show, and if youse don't like it youse kin git."

"Well, if he gets in my way I'll lick him," said the big fellow.

"Say, fellers," said Billy, "let's show him what we'll do to him," and the next instant a dozen of the little fellows made slung-shots of their boxes and went for the big boy.

They didn't do a thing to him. He slung his box around and knocked over three of them, but they were too many for him, and at last he had to take to his heels to save himself.

They chased him clear over to Chatham Square, and never permitted him to shine a shoe in the vicinity of the City Hall again.

He appeared the next day, but was again chased out, and he was seen about the park no more.

Teddy went to work, and was so industrious that he was kept busy until the afternoon papers came out.

Then he left his bootblack's outfit at his little home, got an armful of the evening papers, and scurried about with them until the street lamps were lighted.

He sold about his usual number of evening papers, and the receipts when added up to what he had earned by shining shoes greatly encouraged him.

"Brother," Katie said, "how much did you make to-day?"

"I earned a dollar and a quarter," he said.

"My! Isn't that more than you usually make?"

"Yes, it is; but I'm shining shoes, too, now."

"Well, do you think we will be able to make enough for us to keep these rooms?"

"Yes, I do; and I'd rather keep them than to board with the Morrisseys."

"So would I. We can cook our own meals, and get whatever we want."

"All right. We will try it, anyway." So that evening Teddy told Mrs. Morrissey that he and Katie would cook and eat in their own rooms until the end of the month, and then they would know whether or not they could keep on that way.

"We don't want to be any expense to you and Mr. Morrissey. Katie says you are just like a mother to her, and I'd like her to feel that way as long as she lives. If we can take care of ourselves, I would rather do so, and have you look after her like a mother. Girls ain't like boys, you know. Boys are a good deal like dogs, they can run about anywhere and stay anywhere."

"Well, you don't want to go to living like a dog," remarked Mrs. Morrissey.

"No, indeed! That's why we want to stay right here."

"Well, if you don't take care of your money you'll find yourself in a fix at the wrong time."

"Oh, I'll take care of it well enough. I've heard people say it is a harder job to keep money when you get it than it is to earn it, but I ain't built that way. I can hold on to a nickel like a pawnbroker."

The reader will see that Teddy was very precocious, and that the hard rubs he had received on the streets had taught him extremely useful lessons.

He was out early the next morning, and before Katie started to school with Ellen Morrissey she had prepared his breakfast and left it on the stove for him.

When he came in Mrs. Morrissey gave him the key to the rooms, and he went in for his breakfast.

CHAPTER II.

HOW TEDDY MET THE ODDS.

On entering the room Terry was agreeably surprised at the way things looked. The rooms had been neatly swept, and the beds made up as neatly as he had ever seen them.

Mrs. Morrissey entered while he was eating his breakfast, and said to him:

"Teddy, Katie is a mighty neat little housekeeper."

"I was just thinking," said he, "of asking you if you had not helped her to clean up the rooms this morning."

"No, I didn't. I was too busy getting breakfast for the old man and the children. She did it all herself."

"Well, she's a darling," he remarked.

"Yes; but she's very young yet, and you don't want to put too much work on her."

"I'm not going to; but we don't have to cook much, and it is very little work for her to do that; but she can't wash clothes."

"I'll attend to that, me bye."

"All right; and I will pay you for it. I want her to go to school just as long as she can."

"Sure, and ain't you going to school any more yerself?"

"No, I guess not. I'm going to get books and study nights. I did well yesterday at shining shoes, and if I can keep it up with the same good luck we'll get along all right."

"Well, it isn't good luck every day. Some days the rain comes and pours down all day long, when you can't be afther selling papers, or shining shoes, either."

"Don't I know that, Mrs. Morrissey?"

"Well, if you don't, you ought to learn it as soon as you can."

"Yes; I already know a lot of things. I know that fire will burn. I know that a bee will sting, and that if one hasn't any grub he will go hungry."

"That's so. But you don't want to forget it. When you get your fingers on a nickel you don't want to be afther letting it get away from you, and you don't want to toss pennies with the byes."

"That's something I never do."

As soon as he finished his breakfast he locked up the rooms, returned the key to Mrs. Morrissey, and again went out with his bootblack's outfit hanging over his shoulder by the strap, and all day long he hustled.

By noon he had paid back Billy Black half the money he had loaned him to buy his outfit.

"Been having good luck, Teddy?" Billy asked.

"Yep," he answered, and he darted away in pursuit of a prospective customer.

Another bootblack was chasing the same man.

They collided right at the gentleman's feet, who could not help but laugh at the enterprise of the youngsters; but Teddy being the most presentable of the two on account of having a cleaner face and hands, together with less rags on his person, got the job.

The other little gamin gave Teddy a punch alongside of the head and took to his heels.

Instantly Teddy sprang up, and was about to give chase when the thought struck him that he would lose the customer by so doing.

"Go punch his head; I'll wait for you," said the gentleman, and Teddy left his box and brushes lying at the customer's feet and went scurrying away after his tormentor.

He overtook him, gave him a punch square on the jaw, and then hurried back to his work.

"That's right," said the gentleman. "Never let another boy impose on you. The way to get along in the world is to stand up for your rights and take care of yourself. A man who paddles his own canoe always gets there after a while."

"Well, I don't take much stock in fighting," returned Teddy, "but when a fellow punches me I punch him back. I've got to do it or they'll soon punch me out of business."

"You are right about that. I like to see a boy depend on himself."

"I haven't got anybody else to depend on," said Teddy.

"Taking care of yourself, eh?"

"Yes, sir; and a sister, too."

"Where's the old man?"

"Dead long ago."

"Where's your mother?"

"In heaven, sir. Went last week."

The reply should have touched the sympathies of the gentleman, but the truth is the reply came so promptly that he didn't believe it.

He merely chuckled, and looked down at Teddy, who was applying elbow grease to his work very vigorously.

He was satisfied with the shine, paid for it cheerfully, and passed on.

Before he had gone around the corner a bootblack, taller and older than Teddy, came up to him and asked:

"Say, what did you punch Micky's jaw for?"

"Because he punched my jaw and ran away."

"Micky says he didn't do nothin'."

"Yes, he did," and he told the story of what had happened.

The other boy, though, had a grudge against Teddy for turning bootblack, and he remarked:

"He didn't punch your head, but I will," and with that he gave him a blow on the side of his head just above the left ear.

Quick as a flash Teddy slung his box around by the strap, and down went the other fellow, rolling off the pavement into the gutter.

Teddy looked at him, and waited till he rose to his feet, holding to the strap to give another blow if necessary.

Two other bootblacks ran up to see the fight, and one of them asked:

"What did he do to you, Teddy?"

"He punched my head."

"What'd he do that for?"

"I guess he did it because he thought he could."

In the meantime the other fellow was watching for a chance to land his box on Teddy's head, but the latter kept his eye on him.

He made the attempt, and Teddy dodged it.

Then he again swung his own box, and it collided with the other one with a force that smashed it all to pieces.

Teddy's box was new and strong. The other had been in use many months. The boxes and brushes flew out into the street.

A truck passed over the fellow's brush, and, of course, demolished it.

That made him furiously mad, and he drew a pocket knife, saying he would "rip him open!"

"I guess not," said Teddy, who swung his box around again, and the other fellow took to his heels.

Teddy then explained to the other boys the beginning of the trouble, and they said he had done right.

"But he'll lay for you, Teddy," said one of them.

"Yes, and I will lay for him. I've as much right to shine shoes as he has, and I've got a dollar in nickels in my pocket which I will give to any boy who can truthfully say that I ever bothered any other boy," and just as he finished saying that he darted across the street and confronted a citizen whose shoes looked as though they needed shining.

"Shine, sir?" he called to him.

The man looked down at his shoes, stepped up against the side of the building, and remarked:

"Go ahead, and be quick about it."

Instantly he was down on his knees on a piece of carpet, and began polishing up the gentleman's shoes.

He had half finished the job when another bootblack, considerably older than he was, passed and gave him a kick.

Quick as a flash the gentleman reached out and collared him before he could get away.

"Thank you, mister! Hold him for me," said Teddy, and he returned the kick with a good deal of energy.

"Give him half a dozen more," said the man, and Teddy applied half a dozen more kicks, each one almost raising the young bully off his feet.

"What's the trouble with you?" the gentleman asked, as soon as he let the young bully go.

He is mad with me because I sell papers in the morning and evening and shine shoes the rest of the day. They say one trade is enough for a fellow, but it doesn't pan out enough for me."

"Oh, that's the trouble, eh? They want you to stick to one thing?"

"Yes, sir; and that's just what I am doing."

"Well, how's that? You say you sell papers, too?"

"Yes, sir; but the one thing I am doing is taking care of myself and sister."

"Ah, that's it, eh? You are right. Take care of yourself if you haven't anybody else to do it for you."

"I haven't anybody else, sir."

"All right. You want to carry a policeman's billy in your pocket for chaps like those."

"I've got something better than a billy, sir."

"You have, eh? Got a revolver in your pocket?"

"No, sir; but I can make this box revolve whenever I want to."

"Well, you want to look out for that fellow. He is waiting for you across the street."

"Maybe he is laying for you, sir."

The gentleman chuckled, and asked:

"Do you know him?"

"Yes, sir. That's Tom Dodd."

Teddy finished his job, got his nickel, and started down the street.

The gentleman saw the other boy go down the same way, and expecting a collision between them, he went down that way, too, keeping his eye on them.

He was not disappointed. He saw young Dodd dart across the street and make a rush at Teddy with the intention of coming up behind him and either lifting him with a kick or downing him with a blow.

Teddy, though, was watching him out of the corner of his eye, and slung his box around, landing on the fellow's shoulder, sending him down a flight of steps that led to a basement.

Teddy waited for him, holding his box by the strap, ready to use it as a slung-shot.

The fellow dared not come up, for Teddy had an advantageous position.

Other newsboys and bootblacks had followed to see the outcome of it.

Young Dodd dared not try to come up, and the others nagged and geyed him, for, boylike, they were eager to see a fight; so one of them got behind Teddy and gave him a sudden push, and down he went right on top of Dodd. A regular Kilkenny cat fight ensued.

Dodd was the larger and stronger of the two, but he was the under dog in the fight, for Teddy had landed square on him, and had him down in such narrow quarters that his strength availed him nothing.

Teddy was pounding him on the head with his box, and the next moment his yells were heard the entire length of the block.

As everybody in Gotham knows, the newsboys and bootblacks stand in great fear of the policemen. Some one of the boys sang out:

"Cheese it, boys, here comes a cop!" and they all scattered.

Teddy sprang up and got away before the officer reached the spot, but young Dodd was collared as soon as he reached the pavement.

CHAPTER III.

"WHAT IS A CANOE?"

Of course the officer marched Tommy Dodd to the police station, where he was locked up on the charge of fighting and disorderly conduct.

The next morning a score of young newsboys and bootblacks were at the police court to see what disposition the magistrate would make of his case.

Of course, Teddy kept away, for he had sense enough to understand about what show a newsboy or bootblack had in a court of justice. Generally all looked alike to the police and the magistrate. Every one had a bad mark against him. There was no love existing between the police and the average street boy.

"Newsboys and bootblacks," remarked a policeman one day, "stand in the same position towards the force as fleas do to a dog. They are a torment that the force can't quite get rid of."

Young Dodd was fined, and not having the wherewithal to pay, he was locked up until his mother raised the money and settled it.

Of course he came out breathing vengeance against Teddy. He met the latter near the fountain in the City Hall square, and said to him:

"I'm laying for you, old fellow, and some day I'll grind you up."

"Say, what'd you kick me for?" Teddy asked; and the reply was:

"Ah, g'wan!"

"G'wan yerself!" retorted Teddy, who gave chase to a pair of soiled shoes fifty yards away.

He caught the gentleman and got the job.

"Say," said Tommy, "why don't you fellows punch his head and make him stick to his papers? Some of the rest of you would have gotten that job; but he has learned how to sprint selling papers, and he beats you every time."

"Ah, let him alone," said another bootblack. "Teddy is all right."

Still there were bootblacks who held to the idea that Teddy should have stuck to the papers.

Billy Black, though, who was looked upon as a sort of leader among the shiners, insisted that any boy who had to make his living as Teddy had to, had a right to shine shoes, and sell papers, too.

"This is a free country," he added, "and no one man or boy owns it. Teddy is entitled to fair play, and I'm his friend," and he bristled up alongside of young Dodd as if challenging him to contradict his assertion.

Tommy knew that Billy was a scrapper from way back, hence he didn't care to try conclusions with him.

Teddy went on at his work, and rarely missed ten minutes of time.

When the evening papers came out he put away his boot blacking outfit, and it was then that Dodd, seeing him without his box and strap, undertook to catch up with him and pummel him.

Some of the newsboys sang out:

"Look out, Teddy! Tommy is after you."

Teddy caught on to the situation very promptly. He kept in sight of one of the Park policemen, selling his papers under his eye.

He went up to him and said:

"Here, Cop, put this in your pocket and read it when you go home."

"Thank you, kid," said the officer, taking the paper and putting it in his pocket.

Tommy stood off quite a distance watching him.

Finally Teddy went up to the officer and said:

"Look here, Cop, there's a bootblack over there by the fountain waiting to do me up. If I go over that way to sell a paper he will grab me, and if he does and I hold on to him, will you pull him in?"

"You bet I will!" said the officer, who was glad to make a case against anybody.

Teddy immediately went over in that direction, and passed within a few feet of where Tommy was standing. The latter grabbed him.

Teddy dropped his papers and grappled with him. They rolled off the grass onto the walk.

Before Tommy was aware of it the officer had him by the collar and was shaking him as a cat would a mouse.

"Pull him in, too," said Tommy. "He hit me."

"Ah, come on. I saw you grab him as he went by you. He didn't do a thing to you." And again young Dodd found himself in the hands of the police.

The officer told his story to the magistrate the next morning.

"Yes," said the judge, "he was up here for the same offense a day or two ago, and his mother had to pay his fine. I'll fine him double, and the next time he appears before me for that offense I'll send him over to the island."

Somehow or other the other bootblacks got hold of the fact that Teddy had posted the officer, and they all began abusing him for it.

"Now, see here, fellers," said he, "what have I done that you should all be sore on me? Haven't I the right to shine shoes as well as the rest of you?"

"You've got no right to be in two lines of business," said one.

"Why haven't I? Do you know any law on that subject?"

"Ah, g'wan. We've got a law that says it ain't right."

Then it was Teddy's time to ejaculate:

"Ah, g'wan! What right have you fellers to say that I can't sell papers in the morning and shine shoes in midday? I've got to make a living, and I'm not going to do any stealing."

Still the little bootblacks were down on him for putting up the job on Tommy by posting the policeman, and the odds against him grew considerably.

He undertook to reason it out with them, saying that every one had the right to work for a living wherever he could; that he had no father or mother, nor any home except what he paid for himself, ending with the following words:

"I'm paddling my own canoe, and I'm not interfering with anybody else."

"Ah, g'wan!" said one of the boys. "You haven't got a canoe. You heard that at the theater; you want to fergit it, or you'll get your canoe smashed or turned over on you."

"Say," said another one, "he doesn't know what a canoe is."

"Neither do you," said Teddy.

"Yes, I do, too. A canoe is a boat."

"Nixey," said Teddy.

"Then what is it?"

"A canoe is a log hollowed out, in which a man sits and uses a paddle to push it through the water. The Indians used to make their canoes out of bark. I've read papers."

"That's right," said one of them. "Go to the news-stand now, and you'll see the picture of an Indian in a canoe in one of the story papers. The white trappers and pioneers, instead of making them of bark, hollowed out a log, just as Teddy says."

"Well, ain't that a sort of boat?"

"No, it ain't. One can sit astride of a log or a plank and paddle his way along, and you wouldn't call that a boat, would you?"

"Well, we ain't making a living by paddling boats and canoes," said another. "We shine shoes."

"That's all right, and I'm shining shoes and selling papers, too, and that's the sort of a canoe I'm paddling now, and if you fellers want to paddle one like it you've as much right to do so as I have; but you can't climb into mine or turn it over."

The smaller bootblacks admired Teddy's courage and pluck. They knew they could not interfere with him physically, and that if they beat him they would have to hustle.

Teddy kept on hustling, both with his papers and his shoe-blackening business. He worked hard early and late.

Nearly every day he had a scrap with some of the older bootblacks, who had also enlisted against him some of the older newsboys. They insisted that if he blacked shoes he should quit selling papers, but he persevered, defending himself as well as he could.

At the end of the first week he had a most gratifying balance to his credit. He had cleared more than a dollar a day, and old Pat Morrissey when he heard of it said to his wife:

"Lave the bye alone. He is doing well, and the little girl is kaping house all right. She is a good girl, and I'm glad to have Jimmie slape with him, and Ellen slape with Katie. We won't be so much crowded. The bye doesn't bring any other byes home with him of evenings, and he rades his books like a lawyer. He's holding up his end of the row like the little man he is, and, bedad, Pat Morrissey is his friend!"

After the second week, when Teddy was able to show what he could do, Mrs. Morrissey went to see the agent of the landlord, and inquired what he was going to do about the Malone apartments.

"They are for rent," said the agent.

"Well, Mrs. Malone on her death-bed told me to be a mother to her little girl. She left two children, you know. The boy is selling papers and shining shoes, and he says he can pay the rent."

"All right, then. If he can pay the rent he can keep the rooms, with the understanding that you will look after them."

"Sure and I'm doing that every day. The bye is all right. He studies hard of nights, after working all day, and the girl goes to school with my Ellen."

"That's all right, then. Glad to hear it; but he mustn't get behind with his rent. He must pay promptly in advance, and I'll look to you to see that no rowdy boys are permitted to be in the rooms. You must tell young Malone that for me."

That evening she told Teddy what the agent had said, and the next Monday, a week before the month had expired, Teddy went around to the office and paid the money in advance for the next month. The agent was not only surprised, but very much gratified.

"Do you think you can keep it up, my boy?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, if I don't have any bad luck. I'm up against mighty big odds, though, but I guess I can paddle my own canoe."

"All right; go ahead. When I see a boy trying to do right I'm his friend."

CHAPTER IV.

TEDDY MALONE AFTER THREE YEARS OF HARD STRUGGLING.

It now becomes necessary to skip three years in the life of Teddy Malone.

Our story opened when he was fourteen years of age, when there fell upon his young shoulders the entire responsibility of taking care of himself and his young sister after the death of his mother.

He greatly feared that Katie would be taken away by the authorities and placed in some home, where they could see each other only at stated intervals.

At the time of Mrs. Malone's death he was selling news-

papers, and managed to make about three dollars a week, which he turned over to his mother, who was a very industrious woman and earned four or five dollars a week herself, and on that slender income they managed to keep a cosy little home of three rooms.

When she died the rent for the month was paid in advance, and three weeks of that month still remained.

A kind neighbor in the adjoining room promised the mother to look after her little girl Katie, who was then about twelve years of age.

Within forty-eight hours after her death Teddy began to realize the responsibility that had fallen upon him. He made up his mind to meet it boldly and bravely, and in order to do so he was compelled to shine shoes as well as sell papers.

That about doubled his income, but it was hard work. He had to contend with scores of bootblacks who objected to his joining their number unless he dropped the newspapers, and it was a long warfare between them.

He stuck to it bravely.

The agent of the landlord told him that he could keep the rooms on condition of promptly paying the rent in advance, and not permitting other boys to make it a rendezvous.

Rainy days came sometimes, lasting almost an entire week, during which his earnings were extremely small; but he husbanded his resources, and never had to borrow from any one; but things didn't always go smoothly with him.

Katie was taken sick, and had to have a physician for nearly three weeks; but Mrs. Morrissey, the kind neighbor, acted as nurse in his absence.

That foisted a debt upon him that took him four or five months to pay; but every week he paid the physician one dollar, and a little on account to the druggist.

Then Katie had to have clothes in order to go to school.

During her illness Teddy had to prepare his own meals, as well as procure delicacies for her, but never once did the kindly Mrs. Morrissey fail in her promise to his mother to look after Katie; and both he and his sister returned her kindness with a devotion of loving children.

At one time he was nearly fifty dollars ahead, and at others his finances were down so low that he scarcely knew how he would manage to pay the next month's rent. He was fortunate enough, though, to be never a day behind in paying; but it was hard work, and from a lively, rollicking boy he developed into a youth as serious as a man of forty years of age.

He never ran about on the streets of the city at nights with other boys, but stayed at home with Katie, and pored over books he had secured from a little circulating library.

Of course, Ellen Morrissey was Katie's constant companion, and now, when he was seventeen the two girls were fifteen, and still like sisters.

Jimmie Morrissey, the old truckman's son, was Teddy's companion, and they occupied the same room together, for the Morrissey family was a large one, there being eight children, and they only had four rooms.

Jimmie, though, was not as studious as Teddy, for he would run off of nights to play with other boys on the streets.

Teddy was not only studious, but passionately fond of reading history, and soon he was looked upon by other boys as an authority on all historical questions.

During the day, while sitting on his blacking box, the other boys would gather around him to hear him tell about famous men of history.

He was particularly fond of historical characters who had done things and accomplished wonders, not only as military men but in other walks of life. He was now seventeen years of age, and was one of the most expert bootblacks in the lower end of the city. He realized the fact that a boy of his size and age should get into some other line of business. Practically he was better educated than the average youth of his age, even in the best circles of society; and, what was more, he knew well what he did know. He seemed to have digested every lesson, for he was a hard thinker, and had an almost insatiable desire to know things.

Of course there were scores of little urchins, ten and twelve years of age, with whom he was competing for business, and many a time he was really ashamed to take a prospective customer in competition with one of the little fellows, but hard necessity compelled him to do it.

One day, when a number of them were around, he said:

"See here, fellers, I want to get out of this business, and let you have the whole street. I'm old enough to do something else. I don't think that I ought to work on the street here; but if I could get a stand in some of the big hotels I'd get out of it."

"Don't worry about that, Teddy," said a little fellow. "We

like to have you with us. You have been a friend to us all along, and we can't forget it."

The little fellow told a great deal in that expression, for many a time had Teddy fought their battles for them, and carried black eyes for a week in consequence. He was a great lover of fair play, and insisted on it at all times—let it be a case of a bootblack, newsboy or any other little fellow who was being imposed on. Often he would stake a newsboy who had lost his pennies pitching with the other boys, but invariably he would reprove them for their conduct.

"The boy who works hard for his pennies has no right to risk them on the turning of a penny tossed into the air. That's gambling, fellows," he would say, "for one is just as liable to lose as to win. If you don't save your pennies the time will come when you will wish you had."

"Well," said one of the little fellows, "when luck is with you what's the harm?"

"The harm is this: If you win the other fellow loses, and that's bad for him. Maybe he has a poor widowed mother to help out in keeping something to eat in the house. One can't win unless somebody else loses. I've seen some of you fellows lose every cent you earned during the whole day's run, and then wouldn't go home for fear of getting a licking; and the worst of it is that you get into the habit of it and it will cling to you all through life; but the one who saves up part of his earnings every day will always have money in his pocket, or in the bank, and will have something to start in business with when he gets old enough to grow a beard. Just look at that tramp out there on that beach trying to snatch a little sleep when the cop is not around. He is ragged and dirty, and if the truth were known there's bugs on him from his hat to his shoes. There's nobody in the world who has any respect for him. He will drop asleep after a while, and the cop will come by and whack him with his club to wake him up. He won't work, and often goes hungry. He'll rake over the scraps in a garbage wagon on the sidewalk for a bit of grub, and he sleeps in doorways and in old wagons out on the street, and when he dies will be buried in potters' field, and where he goes after death nobody knows, and no one cares. He can't marry and have a home and wife and children, because he's too lazy to take care of them. Maybe he'll see a chance to rob a fellow, and he does it. Then they catch him and send him either up the river or over to the island, where he is made to break rocks all day long for months, without getting anything but his grub for it. Nobody will give him work, and he wouldn't work if it was offered him, because he has acquired the lazy habit that is on him, and has no desire to shake it off. Now there's a lot of you fellows who will turn out just as he has if you don't stop pitching pennies and playing craps."

"Well, but how about the fellow who wins oftener than he loses?" one of the newsboys asked.

"Luck never follows a man all the days of his life," he replied; "and men who depend upon luck instead of good judgment come out losers in the end. I read in the papers some time ago of a man who won sixty thousand dollars in one night at cards. The next night luck was against him, and he lost every dollar of it. Napoleon was lucky against all Europe for twenty years, and he talked a good deal about his 'lucky star,' but he died a solitary prisoner on the rock of St. Helena. He had lost his throne, his power, his great armies were scattered, and more than a million men who had followed him all over Europe were buried on battlefields."

Then he had to tell them a good deal of the story of the great emperor, for he had it all at his fingers' ends, but all the time he was talking here and there one of the little bootblacks would dart away after a prospective customer.

"That's right, boys," he said to them, as he looked at a little shiner who was darting across the street. "Keep your eyes open for business."

CHAPTER V.

HOW TEDDY WAS KNOCKED OUT.

In the hope of getting off the streets, Teddy visited many business houses in quest of a situation; but he soon learned that an inexperienced applicant had to work for extremely low wages, with a prospect for promotion very remote.

In two places he was offered a situation, but the pay was not half as much as he could earn with his bootblacking outfit, hence he was compelled to refuse to take it.

He visited a number of hotels in the hope of finding an opportunity to put in a bootblack's stand, but in every place where such stands would pay there was already one doing

a good business, and the owner of it was otherwise employed as a porter or in some other capacity.

He talked with one, and learned that he had not only to serve the hotel as a porter, but had to pay three hundred dollars a year rental.

That nearly took his breath away.

The bootblack told him to find a place on some corner near a popular saloon, get one or two handsome chairs, and he would find business enough there.

He started out to do so, and soon found that every corner that would pay was already occupied, and the ones in control of them had to work in the saloons cleaning out the spittoons, sweep the floor, bring water and other things, besides paying for the privilege. He would have to get the alderman of the ward to get the permission of the authorities to put a stand there, all of which required some cash.

He spent a couple of days that way, and finally came to the conclusion that no matter how willing one might be to work, the opportunity to do so was not always at hand.

"Well, I don't wonder at the number of tramps in the world," he muttered to himself. "I heard many of them say that they would work if they could get it, but not being able to do so they were compelled to take to the road. I know that some of them wouldn't work for five dollars a day, for the experiment has been tried on them; hence they lose all ambition, and finally find themselves clothed in rags and dirt. A man not well dressed and presentable can't get employment, for a man looking very seedy at once sets the business man to thinking, and he asks himself the question: 'If this fellow was any good at all, would he be in this fix? An honest, industrious man, willing to work, can always find work.' Generally speaking, the business man is correct in his conclusion, but not always so. Hard times come. Weeks and months of great business depression follow, and expenses must be cut down, hence good men are thrown out of employment. Then, if they have nothing laid up for a rainy day, suffering and many deprivations follow. I've seen it, and know that it is so," muttered Teddy. "I can always make a living on the streets selling papers and shining shoes, but I feel as though I ought to get out of it, and let those little fellows run the business. There are so many people in this city who have to earn their living, and there isn't work for all. One has to do the best he can when he can't do as he pleases."

During the time he was trying to make the change Teddy did more hard thinking than ever before in his life. Teddy had been economical, never spent a penny foolishly, though once or twice he did buy some flowers for Katie and her companion, Ellen Morrissey.

Ellen was fast developing into a very beautiful girl, and so was Katie.

They were both like sisters to him, and he was gradually getting into the habit of thinking and dreaming about Ellen. He had a manly pride about him that constantly urged him to get off the streets, and make a business man of himself.

Once old Pat Morrissey suggested that he apply for a situation in some business house.

"I've been doing that, sir," he replied. "I found one down in Vesey street, but they offered only three dollars a week to start on, and Katie and I can't live on that, you know."

"That's so," said the old man. "Why don't you apply for a truck? You could probably get ten dollars a week at that."

"I did try, sir, but every time the merchant shook his head, saying I wasn't big enough, old enough or strong enough. They want truckmen who can load and unload heavy goods."

"That's so! That's so!" the old man admitted. "The work is too heavy for one of your age."

"Yes. I'm pretty strong for my age," put in Teddy. "I never had a week's sickness in my life. I want to paddle my own canoe, and if I don't do it nobody else will for me. If I had nobody to take care of but myself I could get into some business house and work my way up, but I can't do it, you know."

The old man suggested several other things, and was surprised to learn that Teddy had considered every one of them.

"Say, Teddy," said he to him one evening, "to-day I had a talk with an ice cream manufacturer when I delivered a truck-load of ice to him. He said there were ice cream peddlers who bought their ice cream from him who made fifteen dollars a week through the summer season. Most of those fellows are Italians. They have a little two-wheeled concern, in which they carry a can of ice cream packed in ice, and they have different size cups, so they can sell a penny's worth of ice cream, or two or five cents' worth."

"Oh, yes! I've noticed those fellows. But just let them stop five minutes on the streets, and the cop orders them to move on, and he has to move or be pulled in, and he leaves a cup

and spoon in the hand of some of the little ones who are eating the cream; yet they all have to pay for a license; but the cop interferes with their business all the same. I know an Italian down on Park Row who has to furnish all the apples, oranges and bananas that the cop on the beat wants, free of charge. He told me the police ate up fifty cents worth of fruit a day for him. I don't want that," and Teddy shook his head.

"I've been thinking of all those things, Uncle Pat," he continued, "and there is a closed door between me and those things, which seems to be locked and bolted on the inside. I want to get off the street. I feel ashamed of myself when I chase a man for a shine with a little ten-year-old fellow alongside of me who is after the same job. It may be that he is helping a poor mother or an invalid father; but I've got responsibilities, too, and a big, strong, husky fellow like myself can get just as hungry as one of those little ones."

"Well, I don't know what you can do," said the old truckman. "I'm well acquainted with the alderman in this ward, have known him all my life. I spoke to him about you the other day, and he says if he can find a job for you he will do so."

"Yes; he makes that sort of a promise to everybody who applies to him. He is a politician; but I guess he isn't getting jobs for anybody who hasn't a vote, and I'm not old enough to vote yet; so a politician is a mighty poor thing to lean on in a case like mine."

"Well, maybe he will do it for my sake, for I've got a vote, and I've got a lot of good strong friends, too, and he knows it."

"All right," said Teddy; "but I'm not going to do any waiting, but keep on trying."

The next day he was out early with the morning papers under his arm selling copies very rapidly, for he was active and polite to every man he approached.

On that morning he went down to the corner of Chambers street and Park Row, where, on the opposite side of the street, there was a news-stand belonging to an old fellow who had been there for years. The privilege of occupying the corner had been secured for him by the alderman of the ward. He was a victim of rheumatism, and frequently his wife and daughter had to attend the stand in his absence.

It was a good stand, and they sold hundreds of papers there daily.

On that particular morning the old newsman's wife and daughter were there in charge, and several times the old lady called to him from across the street to get off her territory.

Being on the opposite side of the street, he refused to obey the order. He never went over and attempted to sell any papers near her stand.

The daughter was a big buxom lass of some seventeen or eighteen years of age, and she threatened to have him taken up if he didn't go away.

"I am not on your side of the street," he said.

"No; but you are catching our regular customers as they come our way."

She went back, and in a little while a burly young truckman, who was the girl's sweetheart, was driving by, and she beckoned to him. He stopped, and she exchanged a few words with him, after which he leaped off his truck, went over to where Teddy was, and told him that if he didn't get off that corner he would smash him.

Naturally Teddy refused to do so, and suggested to him that he return to his truck and attend to his own business.

The next moment the truckman dealt him a blow on the side of the head that stretched him senseless on the pavement, after which he ran back to his truck, mounted it and drove rapidly away.

Teddy knew him, and after he was picked up by passers-by, he went down to the police station and reported the assault, and the police at once went in search of him.

They knew what business house he was trucking for, and within an hour or so after the assault he was placed under arrest, taken to the station, and locked up.

The next morning old Pat Morrissey appeared in the police court with Teddy, accompanied by the alderman of the ward.

CHAPTER VI.

TEDDY'S GREAT PERIL.

When the case was called Teddy was thunderstruck at what the old newsman's wife and daughter testified to before the magistrate.

They swore falsely, saying that they were witnesses of the trouble, and that Teddy was the aggressor, that he struck the first blow, and even before that had insulted both of them.

It so happened that two well-known business men were standing on the corner, one of whom had just bought a paper from Teddy, and had agreed between themselves to attend the police court and see that the boy got fair play.

They didn't dream that the old newsdealer's daughter was mixed up in it at all.

Then another gentleman, who was a guest in the hotel on the corner where the news-stand stood, had seen the girl stop the truckman and send him over to drive the newsboy away. He, too, had a curiosity to see how the case would go, and when it was called he was also in the court-room. He heard the girl tell her story, and knew that she was committing perjury.

"Your Honor," he called out, rising to his feet, "I was a witness of that affair from the beginning, and if you will administer the oath to me I will tell what I saw."

"Who are you, and where do you live?" the judge asked, looking at him.

"I live at the hotel on the corner there near that news-stand. I've been living there for a year or more, and am personally well known to the alderman of this ward, who is present in the room here."

"Well, come up here and tell what you know about it."

He told his story about seeing the girl go over and speak to the newsboy. Then he saw her call the prisoner, exchange a few words with him, after which he jumped down, ran across the street, and deliberately knocked the boy down, after which he went back to his truck and drove immediately away.

"Of course I couldn't hear a word that was passed on account of the roar of the street," he added.

The old newswoman fairly snorted, and the daughter looked daggers at the witness.

Then the other two business men volunteered their testimony.

"Said one of them: "I had just bought a paper from young Malone, and I heard the prisoner order him to leave or he would smash him. The next moment he dealt the boy a powerful blow that stretched him senseless on the pavement."

"The prisoner struck the first blow?" the judge asked.

"Yes, sir. Malone never made any attempt to strike a blow at all. He simply told the prisoner to go back to his truck and attend to his own business."

Then the other witness corroborated that.

The two business men were personally known to the judge.

He looked at the prisoner, and asked what he had to say for himself.

"Your Honor, he struck the first blow, and all I did was to punch his head in return."

"Why did he strike you?" the judge asked.

"Because I told him that he ought to be ashamed of himself for trying to take away the customers of the news-stand on the other corner."

Then the judge asked Teddy for his side of the story, and he told such a straight story, with such earnestness, that the judge himself was deeply impressed.

"The girl came over across the street to me," he said, "and ordered me off the corner, saying that I was on her territory, and had no right to sell papers there. I refused to leave. I never did go over on the corner where her stand is, as I knew that her father had paid for the privilege of keeping a stand there. I have no stand anywhere in the city, can't get one where it would pay what it would cost. Ever since I was fourteen years old, when my mother died, I've had to support myself and a little sister, as well as pay the rent for our three rooms. I have kept her at school during the three years since, and in order to do so I had to sell papers early and late, and during the middle of the day shine shoes. In order to get an education for myself, I spend every evening at home, studying and reading. The family living in the rooms adjoining ours, Mr. Patrick Morrissey, can tell you what I am saying is the truth."

"That I can, Your Honor," put in the truckman. A better bye never lived."

The judge was interested as he looked at Teddy straight in the eyes.

"You say you spend your evenings reading and studying in your home?" he asked.

"Yes, Your Honor."

"What books do you study and read?"

He named over at least a dozen books, nearly all of them histories.

The judge asked him several questions about history, and was astonished at his thorough knowledge of it.

"A most singular case," he remarked. "I believe every word that young Malone says," and looking scowlingly at the old newswoman and her daughter, added:

"And I don't believe a single statement you have made under oath in this case. You have both perjured yourselves by bearing false witness. I believe that you, young lady, requested the prisoner to go across the street and drive young Malone away. I shall send the prisoner to the island for four months for atrocious assault, and will suggest to the district attorney to look into your case in the matter of perjury."

It frightened the mother and daughter almost into fits. They left the court-room, and at once appealed to the alderman to get them out of the scrape.

The prisoner was sent to the Tombs, and the next morning the Black Maria took him over to the island.

The report of the case was in the papers, and a great deal of comment was made on the young newsboy who spent his evenings reading history and studying.

The old newswoman was again at her stand, and as the customers bought papers they inquired about the case, and she flatly denied that either she or her daughter had sworn falsely, but charged that the other witnesses had.

"Well," said one of the customers, "the witnesses were well-known business men, and you wouldn't expect the judge to ignore their testimony."

"No; poor women have no show. My old man pays well for the privilege of running this stand here, and newsboys have no right to come around us taking our customers when they don't pay any license at all."

"Say, you don't have to pay any license, do you?" the customer asked.

"I don't know whether it is a license or not, but he has to pay for the privilege of keeping this stand here, and the alderman of the ward got the privilege for us."

When the newsboys and bootblacks read the story of what the judge had said about young Teddy Malone, they were proud of him.

Newspaper reporters stopped him and interviewed him. They wanted to find out just how much he knew of history, and they asked him questions with a view of getting him tangled up, but they found that he was really better posted than they were themselves.

He managed to get into the interview how he was trying to get off the streets and find work in which he had a chance of getting up in the world, while at the same time supporting and educating his sister.

When it was published several business men offered him situations, but at such low wages that he was compelled to thank them and decline, saying that the pay would not support him and his sister.

His devotion to Katie challenged the admiration of a number of business men, but they couldn't pay an inexperienced youth higher wages than they were paying others who understood their work; and it presented a problem that some of the newspapers discussed in their editorial columns.

One evening a week or so later, while Teddy was up in his room reading, Jimmie Morrissey came in and said:

"Teddy, there's a man downstairs in front of the entrance who wants to see you."

"Who is he?" Teddy asked.

"I don't know. He is a well-dressed man. He asked me if you were in, and I told him I thought you were. He said he wanted to see you, and asked me to tell you to come down."

Teddy closed his book, put on his hat and went downstairs, expecting to meet some business man who had a position to offer.

He saw a man standing in the doorway, but the light from the lamp across the street was not sufficient for him to see his features plainly.

"Are you young Malone?" the man asked.

"Yes, sir; that's my name."

The next instant the man made a clutch at his throat, but Teddy jumped back, and the hand gripped the collar of his coat.

With the other he raised something that looked like a club and struck at his head.

Teddy managed to duck his head, and the end of the club struck the wall and knocked a hole in the plastering. Teddy struggled so violently that the man was not able to hit his head, but a blow landed on his shoulder with the force of a thunderbolt, and he cried out lustily.

The next moment old Pat Morrissey, who had been out for

a drink at the corner saloon, stepped into the doorway. He heard Teddy's cry, and in a twinkling his brawny hands were on the villain's throat.

CHAPTER VII.

"TELL THE BOYS I CAN PADDLE MY OWN CANOE YET."

When the old truckman seized Teddy's assailant by the throat he didn't know that the boy had been hurt other than by his cry.

He recognized the voice, though; hence his prompt action.

Teddy fell to the floor when his assailant released him to defend himself.

The man struck the old truckman on the head a glancing blow with some sort of a blunt instrument, and it enraged him beyond self-control.

He was a man of powerful frame and indomitable courage. He pushed the assailant back against the wall, clutching his throat with such a grip that his eyes and tongue protruded.

With the other hand he caught the fellow's arm, and thus avoided further injury.

People upstairs in the tenement heard Teddy's cry for help, and came running to the head of the stairway. None of them, though, dared go down, for they could see the forms of two men struggling at the street entrance. Some outsiders were drawn there by the excitement, and the old man called to them:

"Call an officer here!" And he kept his grip on the fellow's throat, cutting off his breath entirely.

Several minutes passed before an officer put in an appearance. It was a policeman who belonged on that beat, and he and Morrissey were old acquaintances.

In the meantime, Teddy was sitting on the stairs groaning with pain from the terrific blow he had received on the shoulder.

"What's the trouble here, Pat?" the officer asked of Morrissey.

"Hanged if I know, Mike. I stepped in the door here to go upstairs, and found this fellow beating Teddy Malone. He had a club of some kind, and it's on the floor there somewhere, I guess, for I heard him drop it."

"All right," said the officer. "Let's have him."

Morrissey let go of the man, and he sank down in a heap on the floor.

"Hello! What have you done to him?" the policeman asked.

"Just held him by the throat. I never struck him a blow."

"Well, if you haven't killed him, you came very near it."

Of course a crowd gathered until the street was filled almost across to the other side.

The officer was unable to say whether the man was alive or dead.

He rapped for assistance, and when another officer came he told him to call an ambulance.

The ambulance was summoned, but it required at least fifteen minutes to reach the spot.

There the young surgeon in charge was in doubt as to whether the man was alive or dead.

There was too much noise around for him to hear his heart beat.

He ordered his assistants to put him into the ambulance, and they hurried off to the hospital with him.

The officer then turned to Pat Morrissey, and got from him the whole story.

Then Teddy told his part of it.

"Oh, you are hurt, too, are you?" the officer asked. "The doctor should have examined you, also."

"Well, I don't want to go to a hospital," said Teddy, "but my shoulder pains me awfully."

The officer picked up the club, and found it to be a piece of iron pipe about one and a quarter inches in diameter.

There was a hole knocked through the plastering on the wall, which Teddy said was done by the iron pipe when he dodged a blow that was aimed at his head.

"Mike," said Morrissey to the officer, "the brute was going to kill the bye."

"Yes, it looks like it. I'm sorry, Pat, but you must go down to the station with me and see the captain."

"All right," said the truckman. "I know what your duty is, and I'll go with you."

"Well, the boy will have to come, too," said the officer, and together they went down to the station-house not far away from there, a great crowd of men, women and children following them.

There the police surgeon was sent for. He examined Teddy's left shoulder, and said:

"You are lucky, my boy. No bones are broken, but you'll be mighty sore in the shoulder for several days."

The captain of the precinct knew Morrissey and Teddy well.

He told the boy he could go back home, but as there was doubt as to whether his assailant was alive or dead, he would be compelled to keep Morrissey there until they heard from him.

"Say, Cap, that's a little tough," remarked the old truckman.

"Yes, so it is, Pat, but the law has to be complied with, you know. I don't mind saying to you that if you killed that fellow it's all right. You did just what you ought to have done; but I can't turn you loose. The judge will, though, to-morrow. You can sleep in my room. I won't put a man like you in a cell."

Teddy went back to his quarters and pacified the fears of Mrs. Morrissey and her children, as well as his sister Katie.

He was suffering great pain in his shoulder at the time.

Mrs. Morrissey sent her son Jimmie for the physician who had attended Katie in her illness, and the doctor came back with him. He made a most thorough examination, and found that while he had sustained a terrible blow he could find no broken bones. He applied arnica copiously, and told him to lie down and sleep if he possibly could.

He suffered agonies all night long, and was not able to sleep a wink; but he was thinking hard all the time.

In the meantime at the hospital the physicians had a hard time in resuscitating the prisoner. He had been almost choked to death. He might as well have been hanged by the sheriff. But they finally brought him to, and he was left in charge of an officer who sat by his bedside until morning.

The prisoner was perfectly silent, would answer no questions, would give no information about himself, and was sent to the police station the next morning and placed in a cell.

Of course Morrissey was released by the police captain himself.

The prisoner was taken before the police magistrate at ten o'clock, but as Teddy was unable to appear, he was sent back to the cell until he could do so.

The judge, however, heard the old truckman's story, as well as that of his son Jimmie.

He thought it was a deliberate attempt at murder, and wouldn't finish the trial without young Malone's evidence.

He asked the prisoner what his name was, but he would make no answer at all.

A great many of Teddy's friends called to see him, so many of them, that Mrs. Morrissey forbade them to enter the room. She told the boys that it was the doctor's orders, and the little fellows, thinking that Teddy was badly hurt, went away making as little noise as possible.

Of course he felt worse the next day than when he was first hurt. His shoulder swelled until his neck became so stiff he couldn't turn his head, and it was not until the fourth day that the doctor would permit him to attend court.

The captain at the police station was notified to have the prisoner in court the next morning, and Teddy and Jimmie and the old truckman were on hand to tell their story.

The prisoner still refused to make any explanation, and the police were puzzled, for they couldn't locate him. He was a stranger to them all. The pictures in the rogue's gallery were examined, but his was not among them.

The judge remanded him to the Tombs to await the action of the grand jury. He was charged with assault with intent to kill. It was supposed, though, that he was a friend of the young truckman, another assailant of Teddy's, who was then doing time on the island, and that the attack had been made in a spirit of revenge.

A detective interviewed the old newswoman and her daughter on the corner of Chambers and Park Row, but they denied having any knowledge of him whatever. Said they not only did not know him, but had never seen him.

It was fortunate for Teddy at the time that he was able to stand a week's loss of work, for he had been saving up his earnings.

The newsboys and bootblacks, though, held a meeting, and volunteered to take one afternoon off selling papers and donating the profits to him.

One of their number was sent to inform him of the fact.

"Look here, Joe," said he, with tears in his eyes, "it was

a knockout blow, but I'll get over it all right. Just tell the boys that every one of them has a front seat in my heart, and that I will never forget them. I don't need their help, for I can paddle my own canoe yet, I guess. I will be out with them on Monday."

Joe was a youth about fifteen years of age, a very bright boy, and when he told the little fellows what Teddy had said tears came into the eyes of many of them.

One of them suggested that they send a quart of ice-cream to his sister Katie, who was nursing him, and they chipped in their pennies, bought the ice-cream, and sent Joe back with it.

It touched Teddy deeply. He told Joe to tell the boys that he wouldn't do a thing to them when he got out.

CHAPTER VIII.

TEDDY'S PUZZLING PROBLEM.

It wasn't often that Katie had a treat of ice-cream.

She shared it with Teddy and the entire Morrissey household, and later, after the street lamps were lighted, she went down to the foot of the stairs to see a half dozen of the little bootblacks, who had come to hear how her brother was getting on.

She was a pretty girl of fifteen, neatly dressed, and she shook cordially the dirty hands of the boys, and thanked them for the ice-cream and their friendship for Teddy.

"He'll be out on Monday," she said to them, "and will see all of you himself. He says that every one of you are the sort of friends that he likes, and that you are the stuff that real men are made of."

"Well, he's all right, too," said one of the little fellows, "and we all want that brute to go up the river for ten years."

"He ought to be hanged!" blurted out another; "and I'm sorry Mr. Morrissey didn't choke the life out of him."

Then they looked at the hole in the wall where the plastering had been knocked away.

One of them whistled and said:

"Golly, but it was a hard lick!"

"It would have killed Teddy," exclaimed another, "for boys' heads ain't hard enough to stand the blows of an iron pipe."

On the following Monday morning Teddy was out on the street with a bundle of newspapers, and he sold them rapidly.

He had been selling papers so long that hundreds of business men downtown knew him personally.

The boys gave him a regular ovation. He shook hands with every one of them, and thanked them for their kindness. He told them that he was, and always would be, a friend to every one of them as long as he lived.

He was able to sell papers, but was yet too sore to shine shoes, as it required rather violent exertion in the arms.

During the day he went down on the corner of Chambers and Park Row, and stopped there selling papers, while the old newswoman and her daughter on the other side glared at him.

He appeared to take no notice of them, yet he cast furtive glances in that direction a number of times.

The daughter looked daggers at him, for her sweetheart was still breaking stones over on the island, and she couldn't find it in her heart to forgive him for it. The day advanced, and very few papers could be sold, so he went up to the City Hall Park, sat down on a bench under the shade of a tree, and talked with the bootblacks and newsboys who surrounded him.

A park policeman came up, and from mere force of habit the little fellows scattered.

"How are you getting on, Teddy?" the officer asked.

"I am doing well, thank you, but feel very sore yet. I can sell papers, but can't work my arms well enough to shine shoes."

"That was a pretty close call for you."

"Yes, it was, and I don't suppose I'll ever find out why that fellow wanted to do me up. I'd never seen him in my life before."

"Oh, I guess he was a pal of the fellow who is breaking rocks on the island."

During the course of the conversation with the officer Teddy told him of his earnest desire to leave the street and get work in some line of business, at which he could not only make a living, but work his way up in the business world, and inquired if the officer could suggest a way in which he could do it.

"No, I can't," was the reply. "People nowadays have to start at the foot of the ladder and work their way up to the top. You must begin on mighty small pay."

"Yes, that's the trouble. I've had several places offered me, and not one of them had enough pay attached to it to even pay my own board, to say nothing of my sister."

"You seem to be handicapped," the officer remarked.

"Yes."

"Then you'll have to start in some sort of business and be your own boss and your own paymaster."

"That's it! That's it! But where's the business I could start? I can earn more at selling papers and shining shoes than any business house will pay a green hand; but I want to get off the street, and let the little fellows have a show. I actually feel mean when I make a break across the street to catch a shine, and see a little fellow just half my age running against me."

"Well, it has always been that way. You shouldn't let that bother you. It would be better, though, if you could get a stand somewhere where regular customers would come to you."

"That's what I've been trying to do, and I've been looking around for quite a while. Every place that would pay is already occupied, and it requires money, a hundred and fifty dollars or more, to fix up a good stand with a couple of chairs, and then have to do the dirty work inside of some saloon."

"Haven't you got rather too high notions, Teddy?"

"Maybe I have. I certainly have an ambition to get up in the world."

"That's all right. The only way you can do is to save up money enough, and then get into business on your own account."

"Yes, and that's a hard thing to do. It takes a long, long time to save up a hundred dollars with the expenses I have to meet, and I have tried to save in every direction."

That very day the reporter of a daily paper interviewed him, and in the conversation Teddy laid great stress on what he wanted to do in order to get off the street, and thus avoid competing with little fellows who were struggling hard for a living.

The reporter, however, was more interested in discussing history with him.

Teddy had no objection to that, for he was passionately fond of history, and had read even more than the reporter himself had; yet it gave him material for a splendid article, and when it was published many readers were deeply interested in the young bootblack who had educated himself during the lonely hours of night, after working hard all day.

Several citizens offered assistance, but Teddy firmly refused, saying:

"I prefer to paddle my own canoe. There are hundreds of little newsboys and bootblacks in this city who need assistance much more than I do. I am a good, strong, seventeen-year-old boy, able to take care of myself, and I'm doing so. I'm not a subject of charity. All I want is simply a show. I've got a good show on the street here, but I'm competing with the little fellows who are more in need than I am, and I feel mean about it."

It was an astonishing declaration to make, for this is an age of intense selfishness, where every man's motto seems to be "Every man for himself and Beelzebub take the hindmost."

Papers commented on the fact that this friendless newsboy and bootblack was possessed with some of the noblest traits of human nature, a thing which rarely fails to attract the attention of thinking people, and it was nearly every day that young Teddy Malone's name was in some one of the papers.

His case presented a problem, one which was not only discussed in the papers, but business men talked it over with each other in their leisure moments. Even one or two clergymen discussed it in their pulpits.

Here was an honest youth who was struggling against great odds, and the greatest odds of all was his environment and condition. He refused charity, didn't need it, because he was able to earn a living, and was doing so for himself and a young sister, whom he was educating.

They all lauded his ambition and pride.

People actually went in search of him to talk with him face to face, and whenever they found him they saw that he was working hard, either selling papers or shining shoes. Many of them had to have their shoes shined in order to get a chance of a few minutes conversation with him.

All sorts of suggestions were made to him, but people who employed the labor of others were never willing to pay above the market price, and that invariably fell below what his necessities required.

A rich, philanthropic lady offered to take him into her household at a pretty fair salary, but he shook his head, and said that he didn't wish to be a servant, nor would he accept pay for any service that was not worth the money.

Many clerkships were offered him, but he would have to learn the business, and while doing so the pay was too small to meet his requirements.

He invariably thanked the parties who offered the positions to him, saying that were he alone in the world he would accept promptly, with a view to working his way up, but that he couldn't neglect his sister for his own benefit. He said he had a neat little home, to which he and his sister were attached, that he was earning enough to keep her at school and quite well dressed, and that if he accepted the position on inadequate pay he couldn't keep his home and dress his sister; and so the problem remained.

He was up against odds which seemed practically insurmountable from his standpoint. Katie out of the question, the problem would have been solved very easily.

Said he to a prominent lawyer, whose shoes he was shining one day:

"I am not ashamed to get down on my knees here and shine your shoes for you, because it is honest work, but that little fellow over there with his box slung over his shoulder is looking at me now, and wishing he had the job. He needs it. So do I, but a boy of my size and age ought to find something else to do and let the little fellow have it. That's what's worrying me."

"What's the matter with your studying law?" the gentleman asked him.

CHAPTER IX.

TEDDY MALONE'S TALK TO THE NEWSBOYS.

Teddy chuckled at the lawyer's suggestion, and remarked:

"I would if I could earn ten dollars a week at it."

"Well, there are lawyers in this town who earn a thousand dollars a week."

"Yes, I know, but they had to study about four years before they could become lawyers. If sister and I could fast that long, and get rent free and free clothes, I might undertake it."

"Can't you learn to live on air like the lizards do?" the lawyer asked.

"No, sir; and the lizards don't live on air."

"They don't, eh? I've always heard that they did."

"Well, they don't. Lizards have to hustle and catch flies, and they catch a lot of them during the day."

"Well, how do they live during the winter, when there are no flies, and everything is frozen up?"

"Why, they burrow in some warm place and sleep until spring comes again, just as the snakes do."

"Well, can't you do that?"

"Nixey," said Teddy. "I'm no lizard, and no snake, either. Human beings are not built that way. I guess the Almighty gave man a stomach to force him to hustle. What a lot of lazy fellows we'd all be if we could crawl into holes and sleep all the winter?"

"How did you find out so much about lizards?" the lawyer asked.

"Reading about them," was the prompt reply.

"Yes, I've noticed in the papers that you are a great reader."

"That's the only way to find out things," remarked Teddy.

"Don't you ever go out nights with the boys and have a little fun?"

"No, sir. It's more fun to me to read and learn things than to run about of evenings. During the day, when I'm selling papers and shining shoes, I do all the running with the boys I want to."

One evening a well-known paper announced that it would give a supper to the newsboys who sold its publications, and as there were about a hundred little fellows who cried the paper on the street, there was a great deal of enthusiasm among them in anticipation of the treat.

Teddy Malone was one of the newsboys who sold that particular paper, and he was about the largest one of them, too.

He hesitated about accepting the invitation to supper, but one of the reporters persuaded him to be on hand.

The old newswoman and her daughter, who had been the cause of so much trouble to him, sold it also, as well as a number of other young girls whose parents forced them to earn a few pennies every afternoon that way.

The proprietor of the paper sent a man to the homes of those little girls in the tenements, and gave their parents personal notice that their daughters couldn't attend unless they accompanied them, and gave each one a card of admission.

When the newsboys and girls gathered in the hall where the supper was waiting for them, nearly half a hundred business men who were interested in charitable works were on hand to look on.

Of course the little fellows were very noisy. There were many of them who had had no supper that night. Several of the little fellows boasted that they had eaten nothing all day in order to have plenty of room for the good things the boss paper had prepared for them.

The proprietor of the paper made a speech to the boys full of good advice. He told them a great many things for their good, and the little fellows whistled and cheered, made cat-calls, and not a few of them yelled out:

"Give us some grub."

"Now, boys," said he, "there is one of your number here who can, no doubt, entertain you and tell you a few things that you ought to know," and he named Teddy Malone.

Teddy was dumfounded. He kept his seat, and had no intention of talking to the boys, but the little fellows fairly yelled for him, while the newspaper proprietor and a number of other gentlemen went to him and actually pulled him to his feet.

"All right," he finally said. "Let go of me."

They led him around to the front of the audience, where the boys gave him a tremendous cheering reception.

He turned to the proprietor of the paper and the other gentlemen who were with him, and said:

"Newspaper editors, I suppose, know everything, and I see other gentlemen here who ought to know a few things that they don't."

The editor and the gentlemen were astonished, and the boys began chuckling.

"It seems to me that you gentlemen have lived long enough to learn that it is utterly useless to talk to a crowd of newsboys when they feel hollow below their jackets. It's no use talking to a hungry boy."

The explosion that followed nearly raised the roof.

The gentlemen themselves joined in the laugh against them, and the little fellows screamed and yelled so and hurrahed for Teddy that it was impossible to restore order.

"Say," said the newspaper man, "you spoiled the whole programme."

"I'll talk to them after they have eaten, for then they will keep quiet and listen," Teddy explained.

The committee saw the point, and went to work and soon had all the little fellows seated at the table, the girls with their mothers having a separate table to themselves, and how they did eat!

Scores of the little fellows would raise a cup of tea or coffee to their lips and call out:

"Here's to Teddy. He knows more than the editor does," and during the entire meal the visiting gentlemen were having a whole lot of fun at the editor's expense.

Teddy sat with the gentlemen by special invitation, and they all kept him busy talking on historical subjects.

Before the meal was finished the announcement was made to the little fellows that Teddy Malone would talk to them after they were all full.

It was amazing the quantity of food that was consumed. The onslaught on the various kinds of pies that were on hand was simply frightful. It was certainly very destructive to the pies.

Every once in a while some little fellow would sing out: "I'm full."

Another one would yell out:

"I'm about to bust!" and similar remarks kept the laugh going all the time.

Finally they were all requested to take seats in the other hall, and they filed in to hear Teddy Malone speak.

Had that announcement not been made more than half of them would have hurried out, for none of them cared to hear the sort of talk that charitable gentlemen were in the habit of giving them. The average newsboy doesn't enjoy too much sage advice, but they knew that Teddy was one of

their own number, and that he was an authority among them."

"Now, fellows," said Teddy, when he stood up to talk to them, "generally we boys are a noisy crowd, and the reason of that is that the business of selling newspapers requires a great deal of yelling."

"You bet it does!" came from a score of the little fellows.

"That's right," he added. "It's a mighty sickly baby that doesn't do any yelling before it even has any teeth, or hair on its head, or shoes on its feet, and they don't have to yell to make a living, either, as we do. The dairy is right there ready for them; but I want to tell you that we are not crying the papers to-night; so I want to keep you still and quiet out of respect to the editor of the paper and the gentlemen who are here with him. The editor has given us a good supper to-night, and there are a lot of us who don't often get such a good meal, and hence I'm afraid that some of you have eaten too much, and along in the middle of the night you will think that a big truckhorse is walking over you and you'll dream dreams, and in the morning you'll promise yourselves you won't eat any more pie, or, at least, not so much of it. The editor can have his pie every day in the week, and we boys help pay for it by selling his papers. If he doesn't know that, we are here to tell him so. If we were all to stop selling papers, instead of pie he would have to eat sandwiches and beans. The public is already hungry for news, and we are hungry for pie; so if he gives plenty of news, good news and straight news, we will all eat pies together, for the papers will then sell like hot-cakes. The newspaper business is like a good many other lines of business. A fellow has to hustle to make it pay. We don't make hardly half a cent on the paper, so we have to hustle to sell a lot of them to have anything to show for it, and the best hustler sells the most papers, so you see that, to make any money, a newsboy has got to get a move on him. I'm sorry to say that there's a lot of you who forget the fact. I know there's a number of you who, like myself, have both parents laid away in the cemetery, and you have to hustle for yourselves. I know that to be the case with quite a number of you; yet some of these very boys, when they sell all their papers, pitch pennies and shoot craps, trying to win each other's earnings. Now, let me tell you that there is no pie in that sort of business. The fellow who loses his pennies that way has to go without pie, and a newsboy with no pie or other kind of food in his stomach has no show against the other fellow whose stomach is comfortably filled. You want to lay up all your pennies, and keep out just enough to get a new supply of papers, for by and by the summer's sun goes away and snow and ice comes to take its place. You need shoes and overcoats, gloves for your hands and mufflers for your ears. I am not going to preach you a sermon, but if there's a boy present who doesn't believe I am telling him the plain truth let him hold up his hand."

One little fellow sung out:

"Yes, it's all true, Teddy, but we've heard it before. Give us something new."

"What's the matter with you?" Teddy asked in the midst of the laughter that greeted the little fellow's remark. "You've all had pie before, but I don't know one of you that wouldn't like to get it again. There's not one of you that to-morrow would push a piece of pie away and say: 'I have had that before.' Now, I'm talking to you for your heads, not for your stomachs. What I'm telling you is something that will stay by you in your heads, just as pork and beans will stay with you in your stomachs. I want to boil it down so you can keep your grip on it. The editors, you know, always say to the writers for the press: 'Boil it down! Boil it down! Say as much in as few words as you can!' Now, I want to say to you to hustle and save your pennies; that is short, and you can remember it. I am trying to save every penny I can so as to get off of the street, and let you little fellows have my place. It's a problem I've been up against for six months, but it looks as though I will have to keep toiling on and hustling until I can save up pennies enough that will enable me to start in some other business, and be my own boss."

The little fellows actually held their breaths as they listened to him, for they had been noticing the papers discussing that very problem in his case.

"We boys have got to look out for ourselves. In other words, each of us must paddle his own canoe. We are not able to go on steamboats that turn big wheels for everybody on board and send the boat sailing through the water. We've got to furnish our own steam. We've got to pull hard, and

we'll starve if we stop pulling. We can't depend upon anybody else. We can't find anybody else to paddle our canoe for us. The truth is we are all up against odds. We are struggling against the whole world for a place in it. We can't say that the world is using us badly, but it rolls by us like a vast river, for every man has troubles of his own, just as we boys have, and the most of them are paddling canoes, too."

CHAPTER X.

HOW TEDDY LOST AN OPPORTUNITY.

When Teddy ceased talking to the newsboys he was astonished at the applause that greeted him. The editor and the gentlemen who were with him shook his hand warmly, and told him that he had given the boys a lot of good, sound advice, and in a way that they could understand.

A stenographer was on hand and took down every word he uttered, and his speech was printed in the afternoon paper the next day.

He was surprised when he read it over, for he didn't dream that he had made such a good speech as he saw in print.

The newsboys were prouder of him than ever. All the little fellows knew that they could always find a friend in him; but one little one who had been unusually lucky in pitching pennies insisted that he could make more money matching pennies than in selling papers, and that his advice against his doing so was no good.

"How about the other fellows who lost?" Teddy asked him.

"Oh, they got left!" the little fellow replied.

"You haven't any sympathy for them, eh?"

"Naw. If I had lost they wouldn't have had any for me."

"Well, let me tell you, Jimmie, your heart isn't in the right place. It has shifted around to your back somewhere, and the boy whose heart shifts that way will grow up to be no good, let me tell you. If a boy has no sympathy for another he is not apt to have any friends when he needs them. You laugh at those who get left, and if they have a home they have to return with no pennies, and maybe they get a thrashing. Perhaps their mother has nothing to eat in the house. Luck never sticks by one all through his life, and some day it will turn on you, and you will wonder how it is that all your friends have gone back on you. I tell you that the man or boy who has no friends is in a bad fix."

"Well, if a man has got a pocketful of money he doesn't need any friends."

"Yes; I know that's the saying; but if you will read history you will know that even kings, who had millions of money and armies of friends, sometimes found that luck had gone back on them, and their friends did the same thing. Once the people of England got down on King Charles the First, and his friends all went back on him. They took him and cut his head off; and the same thing happened to a king and queen in France once, and it has happened way back in old times with other kings and queens. There's an old saying that riches often take wings and fly away. A gambler is rich one day and penniless the next; but the man who saves his money, builds up a home, lives and dies among his friends. If he gets into trouble he has friends to come to his help. It's always best for a man to paddle his own canoe, and get along without help if he can; but when one breaks his paddle it's a mean fellow who won't help him mend it or lend him another one. A man in a canoe without a paddle is like a bird with his wings broken. A boy who has no sympathy for another is more like a pig than a human being. If you go out into the country and see a farmer feeding his pigs you will see the pigs get into the trough and try to shoulder each other out of the way. It is the nature of the pig to do that way, but the most contemptible thing is a pig on two legs. He is no good, because we can't turn him into pork and eat him."

Just then Teddy saw a man whose shoes plainly needed shining, and he started on a run towards him; but another little bootblack, not more than ten or twelve years of age, made a similar start. Teddy came to a full stop, and called out to him:

"Catch him, Neddie."

The little fellow got the job, and Teddy returned to where he had left the others.

"Did he beat you, Teddy?" one of them asked.

"No; I let him have it."

Some of the bootblacks whistled. They really couldn't understand young Malone's theory of fair play, and a discussion sprang up on the subject.

That very afternoon Teddy was passing a corner where an Italian had his bootblack's stand and newstand combined.

The alderman had procured the privilege of his occupying that corner on account of the Italian vote in the ward.

More than a score of Italians had petitioned him to get the privilege for him, and like the shrewd politician he was, he went about it and soon accomplished his end.

The Italian had an assistant and two chairs.

It was a busy corner, and he did a good business, but, as every one knows, an Italian can live on what an American throws away.

"Teddy," said the Italian, "I want to sell my stand here. What'll you give me for it?"

The fellow spoke pretty fair English, and he and Teddy had been acquainted for three or four years.

"Do you really want to sell?" Teddy asked.

"Yes; I've got to go back to Italy. An uncle of mine over there died and left me something, which I must go after."

"What do you want for it, just as it stands, news-stand and chairs?"

"One hundred dollars," said the Italian.

"I guess you'd better take it with you," Teddy suggested. "If I had a hundred dollars I would buy a hotel."

"What will you give for it?" the other asked.

Teddy knew pretty well what the bootblack's stand cost. There were two good, heavy arm-chairs, mounted on a stand that was covered with sheet brass. It probably cost about fifty dollars to fix it up, and as the Italian was obliged to go back to Europe the idea occurred to young Malone that he would take that much cash for it; so he made the offer.

The dusky son of Italy shook his head.

"It's worth much more than that," he remarked.

"Yes, but that's all I can pay for it, and I haven't got that much cash, anyway. I may be able to borrow twenty dollars more."

Then the thought struck him that the saloonkeeper would have to be consulted in the matter, as the Italian had a good deal of work to do there for him. He cleaned out his spit-toons and swept out the saloon, as well as washed off the wooden gratings on the floor, work that Teddy really detested.

He inquired of the Italian about it, and the latter told him what he had to do in order to obtain the saloonkeeper's permission to run the stand there.

Whereupon Teddy withdrew his offer. He wanted to see the saloonkeeper about it; so he spoke to the liquor seller, who shook his head, and remarked:

"I guess you'd better not take it, my boy."

"Why not? What's the trouble?"

"I don't think you can do the work that that fellow does in here for me; besides, we have a lot of rough fellows in here sometimes, and you'd get into trouble."

The truth is the saloonkeeper was of the opinion that he would lose a number of Italian customers if one of their countrymen was displaced by an American outside on the corner.

Teddy consulted old Pat Morrissey about it that evening.

"It's a good corner, me bye," said the old truckman, "but if Cassidy doesn't want you to take it you'd better let it alone, for he could very soon make you feel glad enough to get out of it."

Teddy wanted the stand badly, and the old man went in to see Cassidy, the saloonkeeper, about it.

"Well, I will tell you, Pat. Teddy is a good boy and all right, but he wouldn't do the things for me that the Italian does, and that's why I think he had better not take it. The dago does a lot of dirty work for me in here, and he has to stay around until midnight sometimes."

"Bedad!" said the old truckman, "that doesn't suit the bye. It's a great man he'll be some day, Cassidy, I'm telling you. He knows more now than some of the school teachers do, and he couldn't work nights till midnight."

"That's just what I was thinking, Pat."

Teddy thought it was tough. It was an opening to earn more money than he had been making, and it was a great disappointment to him that he couldn't take it.

A day or two later another Italian had possession of it, and Teddy noticed that he was up early of mornings to do the sort of work he had to do for the saloonkeeper, and he felt somewhat like congratulating himself that he didn't take the stand; but he was selling newspapers on the corner there within ten feet of the Italian's news-stand, and the latter ordered him away.

Instead of going, though, he stopped under the lamp-post

right on the extreme corner, and was selling papers rapidly to people who were going to work. The black eyes of the Italian fairly glittered as he watched him.

Finally he went up to him, and said:

"If you don't go away from this corner I will break your head."

"You had better attend to your business and let me alone," said Teddy. "Your having a news-stand around here doesn't give you the whole street," and with that he went on selling papers.

Just a minute or two later the Italian hurled a blacking brush at him. He dodged it, and it landed full in the face of a citizen who was passing, making an exceedingly large black spot on his left cheek.

The indignant citizen rushed at him, and the Italian drew a knife.

CHAPTER XI.

TEDDY GOES IN SEARCH OF AN OLD SCHOOLMATE.

The citizen dared not run up against the knife, for he knew the dangerous character of the Italians in handling such weapons. He went into the saloon, washed the blacking off his face, and complained to the saloonkeeper, who was too busy at the time to pay any attention to the complaint. The citizen went out, and a little further up the street met a policeman, to whom he made the complaint, and went back with him and had the fellow arrested.

He marched him off to the station-house without giving him a chance to put up his brushes and blacking.

After a while Cassidy came out, and ordered Teddy to leave the corner, saying that he was making trouble.

"Now, Mr. Cassidy, don't you make the same mistake that dago did. He threw his blacking brush at me because I was selling papers on the corner, and a cop has run him in. Your business is inside there, and mine is outside, and as long as I'm not interfering with your business you've no right to interfere with mine. I wanted to buy out the dago, but you were opposed to it."

"Yes; and that is the reason you are standing around here catching the dago's customers. I'll tell you now that it will be a losing business for you. You've got the whole street for your field, and the fellow with the stand here ought to have the corner as his."

"Well, the corner isn't his. I'm right on the corner of the pavement of both streets, at least twenty feet from his stand, and I'm going to sell papers here just when I please and as long as I please."

"All right," said Cassidy. "We'll see about that," and he turned inside his saloon, while Teddy went on selling his papers.

By some means or other, the Italian, who had been arrested, had sent word to either some friend or relative, for about three hours later another Italian appeared, and took charge of the stand and boot-blackening business.

He hadn't been there thirty minutes before he said to Teddy:

"If you don't go away I'll killa you."

"Do you mean that?" Teddy asked.

"Yes; it's my brother's stand."

It so happened that a couple of newsboys had joined Teddy at the time, after change for a quarter, and they heard the Italian's threat.

"What's he threatening to do you up for, Teddy?" one of the boys asked.

"Because he doesn't want me to sell papers here; wants the whole corner for himself. The owner of it has just been arrested and locked up by a cop for throwing a blacking brush at me."

"Gee!" said one of the boys. "We'll rush him," and he ran away to join other newsboys and bootblacks farther up the street and around City Hall Park.

In a little while they began showing up by twos and threes.

The newsboys sold papers, and the little bootblacks captured a number of customers, which set the Italian in a rage. He kicked one of them, and the whole gang went for him.

They assailed him with their blacking boxes by swinging them by their straps, and the dago had to take refuge inside the saloon, and the little fellows went back to work.

By and by he came out again, to find his chairs overturned, and the brushes and boxes of blacking thrown into the gutter. His news-stand has been literally cleared of papers.

He fired a volley of choice Italian profanity at them, and again they attacked him.

This time they headed him off so that he couldn't take refuge in the saloon, and he fled down the street.

Several of them chased him nearly a block, and meeting a policeman they returned; thus a war was on between the native boys and the dagos.

Cassidy complained to the officer on the beat, and, of course, every saloonkeeper has influence with the police.

The latter at once ordered them all away. But they had put the dago out of business for the day, and he sold no more papers nor shined any more shoes until the next morning.

The little fellows were on the opposite side of the street on the lookout for him.

He came with a bundle of papers, which he laid on the stand. He had bought some new brushes and blacking, and was soon ready for business.

The officer, though, was compelled to patrol his beat, and as soon as he was out of sight the little fellows began the war again.

The Italian knew how utterly useless it was for him to fight them, for when pursued the little fellows scattered, and when he chased them the others would join in, and a half dozen of them, with their blacking boxes swung by straps, made a force he couldn't withstand.

In the meantime the one who had been arrested was arraigned before the magistrate and fined ten dollars for disorderly conduct.

He paid the fine and returned to his stand, only to find odds against him that was greater than Teddy Malone was up against himself.

Teddy's odds were circumstantial. The dago was up against enemies who had vowed to run him away from the corner. Neither the policeman nor Cassidy's influence could avail anything against them, for an officer could be detailed to stand on the corner all the time, hence the dago found himself up against terrible odds. It was only when an officer was in sight that he could get a chance to shine a pair of shoes unmolested, for the little boys on the other side of the street were lying in wait for him.

Saloonkeeper Cassidy appealed to old Pat Morrissey to get him to persuade Teddy Malone to call the boys off.

Teddy went to Cassidy himself, and told him that he had no hand in it, but the whole trouble was brought about by the Italian kicking one of the little fellows who was shining a pair of shoes near the corner.

"You'd better tell the dago to get a stand somewhere else, for the little fellows say he shall not do business there, and if he does he will be worried so much that he will lose money in it."

It was one of the phases of street life in the metropolis that is purely local.

The dago was finally compelled to move his stand, but inside of ten days another one took his place, and Cassidy was sensible enough to explain to him that he was not to have any trouble with the other bootblacks or newsboys.

One Sunday afternoon Teddy took a walk down by the river front and passed an old junk shop, where he saw tons of old scrap iron lying scattered around in the yard. On a side of the building was tacked a placard on which was printed the prices that the junkman would pay for different kinds of old scrap iron and metal.

He stood there and read it over for some time.

Then he looked around at the scrap iron, and failed to see a single piece that was worth a penny to anybody except the junkman.

There were a number of little two-wheeled push-carts in the lot, too, and as he looked around he muttered to himself:

"The fellows who gather up this scrap iron don't have to pay anything for it, for the housekeepers they get it from don't know the worth of it. They would be glad enough to have it taken out of the way, and there are a lot of old pots and pans and bits of iron thrown away everywhere all over the island. I know a fellow about my age who gathers scrap iron, but I have not seen him for months now. Hanged if I don't look him up and make some inquiries. I know of a man over in Brooklyn who has gotten rich buying old scrap iron, and judging from the prices paid here a fellow can make money at it, provided he hustles around and gets a lot of it. It doesn't take very much iron to weigh several hundred pounds or a ton. Hanged if I don't hunt up Jack Jacobs," and he instantly left the junk yard and walked nearly a mile up on the East Side, where an acquaintance of his named Jack Jacobs was living when he last heard of him.

He went to the house and inquired of several children he saw about the building if Jack Jacobs was living there, and was informed that his mother had moved. They told him in what block they had moved, and he went down there.

He found Jack sitting on the stoop of the tenement house, and their greeting was quite lively.

"I see you've moved. I went up to the other place looking for you."

"Yes; we moved three months ago, or at least I moved."

"Well, didn't the rest of the family move?"

"No; mother married again, and my new dad and I didn't agree, so I skipped out."

"Oh, is that so! Too much stepfather, eh?"

"Yes, that's it. He wanted to scoop all the money that I earned, which I had been in the habit of giving to my mother before she married; in fact, I was about supporting her and all the children, but when the old man came in I thought that as he had married a family he had better support it, and I objected to emptying my pockets every evening. There was a row, and the worst of it was my mother sided with him; so I skipped out, and the old fellow now has to do all the ponying up himself."

"Well, how's business with you?" Teddy asked him.

"Business is good. If I just had a partner we could do well, because we could take turns at pushing the cart; but when one fellow has to do all the work and push the cart, too, sometimes with two hundred pounds of iron in it, for a mile or two, it is pretty tough work, let me tell you."

"Well, will it pay two?"

"Yes; it will pay two better than it will one."

"Do you mean that each one would get more than you get now?"

"Yes, that's what it means, for while one is pushing the cart down to the junk store the other can be hunting up more scrap and save time."

"I see the point," said Teddy.

CHAPTER XII.

TEDDY FINDS HIMSELF IN A NEW LINE OF BUSINESS.

"Now, Jack," said Teddy, "I want to put the question squarely to you, and I want the straight truth out of you. How much do you think that you could make if you had a good partner who knows what it is to hustle?"

"We can make from ten to fifteen dollars a week each," said Jack.

"Are you sure of that?"

"Yes; I've sometimes made that much myself, and I know that I could have doubled it if I had a partner who could hunt up scrap while I was delivering. Whatever one fellow can find, another one can do as well, and that, of course, gets double the quantity; and then we could deliver a great deal faster. It takes more than half my time now to carry my load of scrap to the junk yard and dicker with the old villain, but what do you want to know for?"

"Because I'm thinking of going into the business."

"Look here, Teddy, have you got any money?"

"Yes; I've got a little."

"All right; I've got a cart, but it is rather shaky on the wheels, and it needs a little repairing. Sometimes we have to pay for scraps. There are some housekeepers who know that it is worth something, and often I have to give some little kids a nickel to hunt up scrap iron for me; so a little money is necessary. It'll cost about four dollars to get my cart fixed up right, and then we ought to have about eight or ten dollars more as capital to work on."

"Well, I've got that. I want to get off the street selling papers and shining shoes, because a fellow can't get rich at it, you know."

"Teddy, this is the very thing for you. I don't know of any boy in all New York that I'd rather have work with me than you. I've been reading about you in the papers how you made a speech the other night at the newsboys' supper."

"Well, what I like about it," said Teddy, ignoring the allusion to the newsboys' supper, "is that one doesn't have to work at night."

"No; I can tell you that when you have been pushing a cartload of scrap iron about all day long you feel like lying down and sleeping as soon as you can get your grub."

"Where is your cart, Jack?"

"I leave it down in the junkyard."

"Come down and show it to me, then," and they went down to the junkyard, about half a mile from where Jack was living, where he showed him his cart. He saw that it

had seen so much service that it needed a good deal of repairing to get much more service out of it.

Jack informed him that a blacksmith had told him that he could fix it up good and strong for him for four dollars.

"All right, Jack. Have it fixed to-morrow, and when it is ready for work I'll join you."

Jack was highly elated. He went home with Teddy, and was surprised at seeing what a beautiful girl Katie had grown up into. He had not seen her for nearly two years.

He took supper with them that evening.

The next morning Teddy went over and joined Jack, accompanied him to the blacksmith shop, and saw the blacksmith begin work on the little cart. It was what is known as a push-cart.

From there they went down to the junkyard, and saw the boys and men who were gathering scrap iron about the city bring in their loads from different directions, and saw the money paid them as they delivered each load.

The junk dealer looked at Teddy and asked him what his business was there.

"I'm thinking of going into the scrap-iron business," Teddy replied, "with Jack here."

"Know anything about the business?" the man asked.

"No; but I know all about Jack. He understands the business, and I am going to work with him."

The junkman grunted and turned away, as though he didn't think much of the matter.

Jack and Teddy went away, and late that afternoon returned to the blacksmith shop to find the cart just finished.

Teddy paid the blacksmith's bill, and the next morning they were to go to work.

Jack told Teddy a great deal about the business.

"The law is very strict," said he, "about selling lead pipe. It brings a good price, and thieves steal a good deal of it to sell. They enter vacant houses and steal the lead pipe from the plumbing; so if you are found with any stolen lead pipe on hand you are in a scrape, and it is the same way, too, about brass. You want to see that you are not getting hold of any stolen brass or lead pipe."

"Well, I'll have to trust to you for that," said Teddy. "I've got the business to learn, you know, but I know scrap iron when I see it, and am about as good as a rabbit dog at finding things, I guess."

They started out early on Tuesday morning, going away up in the residential part of the city, and both of them being decent-looking youths they managed to pick up a great deal of scrap iron without having to pay for it.

At some places they had to pay a few pennies to the servant girls, who knew something of the value of it.

Teddy soon found that Jack had an oily tongue in talking to the servant girls, and as he himself had a fine command of language, he soon had his own tongue tipped with honey.

In order to learn how to deal with the junkman, Teddy went back with each load on the first day to see how the scrap iron was classified and paid for.

"The old rascal will cheat you every time," said Jack, "in weighing as well as classifying, but when you are sure that you've got it right yourself, you must stick out for your price or take it to another yard."

They sold about three dollars' worth of scrap iron that day. They had worked hard, and out of that amount about two dollars and a half was clear profit.

"I've sold five dollars' worth in a single day many a time," said Jack.

"Don't you ever have any trouble with other dealers, or with the people at the places where the iron is found?"

"Oh, yes! You strike many a place where the women of the house look upon you as a thief and watch you all the time. It's not a very pleasant business, but there is money in it. If we could get enough ahead to run a junkshop of our own we could get rich, Teddy."

"That's just what I want to do. I've been paddling my own canoe ever since I was fourteen years old, and have never been helped a dollar's worth by anybody."

"That's it," said Jack. "People ain't helping anybody nowadays very much. Everybody helps himself, though, to whatever he can. This is a business where you must keep your eyes and ears open. It isn't a canoe, let me tell you, where you can paddle along through smooth waters. Our canoe is on wheels, and we've got to push and pull and listen to the lies that people tell you without believing them."

"Well, see here, Jack, we mustn't do any lying ourselves."

"Well, generally I don't, but it is a mighty hard matter to

keep from it sometimes when another fellow is trying to toss about a ton of lies on top of you."

Pretty much all day long they were gathering scraps of iron, picking them up in old vacant lots, where they had been thrown over the fence from back yards of residences.

They made it a rule to go into all vacant lots that they could get into, and in one they struck on the second day they found a cartload of scrap iron scattered all about on the ground—the lids and legs of old stoves, with here and there bits of old gas or water pipes. They were filling the cart with the scraps when another scrap-iron peddler came running up with his pushcart, and claimed that it was all his find.

Jack laughed at him. The fellow made the discovery of the scrap iron that morning, but had made the mistake of not piling it up in a heap, which was a sign that it had been claimed.

The fellow was angry, and he went at Jack with a piece of iron pipe, but suddenly found himself up against Teddy, too, who gave him a tap on the head that knocked him over.

CHAPTER XIII.

HOW TEDDY DEFENDED HIS PROPERTY.

When the fellow dropped to the ground Teddy was frightened, for it suddenly flashed over him that he had dealt a heavy blow, and had probably broken his head.

"By George, Teddy, you gave him a hard one!" exclaimed Jack.

"Yes; harder than I intended to."

"Well, we'd better skip out."

"Oh, no! That won't do, for then they will say that we were in the wrong. We are simply defending ourselves, which we had a right to do."

"Yes, so we had. He had no right to claim anything on the grounds here unless he had piled it up. That is always understood among the scrap-iron gatherers that somebody else was ahead of them; but he hadn't piled up a thing. Everything here has been lying out in the weather for months."

"Why, hello! He's coming to," exclaimed Teddy, very much relieved.

Jack turned, looked at his rival and noticed that he was moving. He tried to sit up, rubbing his head with one hand.

Teddy was so much relieved that he exclaimed:

"Heavens, but I never was so glad of anything in my life!"

The fellow came to, looked up at the two boys, and threatened to have them arrested.

"What's the matter with you?" asked Jack.

"Why, these scraps are mine. I found them late yesterday afternoon."

"Get out!" snapped Jack. "Why didn't you pile them up in a heap? You might as well claim all the scrap on the island. You can have only what you pick up and no more."

The fellow rose to his feet, and was quite groggy for a few minutes, while Jack and Teddy went to work filling their cart with all the scrap iron they could pick up.

The other fellow, seeing that he was up against two, went to work also, and all three hustled.

Of course the two boys got their cart filled first, and when they had done so they kept gathering up scrap and piling it in a heap.

They soon had enough to make another load, while the other fellow had just filled his cart.

"Now, Teddy," said Jack to his partner, "I will take this load down to the junk yard, and you had better stay here to take care of our pile. That fellow may dump his load somewhere, and come back and take ours."

"Do you think he would do that?" Teddy asked.

"Yes, I think he is that kind, and you want to take that piece of pipe out of the pile and keep it in your hand."

"Well, I don't want to have any fight over it."

"Well, I hope you won't, but if he comes back he will try to take it, or maybe some other fellow will. If you are afraid to guard it, why, you push the cart down to the yard and I'll stay here."

"Look here, Jack, don't make the mistake of thinking I'm afraid of anything or anybody. You go ahead with the cart and I'll stay here."

The other fellow started off about the same time, but before he had gone three blocks he went into a vacant lot, pretending to look for more scrap, while Jack pushed on down towards the junk yard.

Jack suspected his rival's object. He had a full load, and it wasn't necessary for him to stop to look for any more.

As soon as he was out of sight the other fellow dumped

his load in the vacant lot, took up a piece of pipe as a weapon of offense, and returned to where Teddy was waiting for his partner to return.

Teddy saw him coming, and he stood over his pile with about four feet of rusty iron pipe in his hand.

The fellow came up and stopped his cart within ten feet of him.

"You've gotten back in a hurry," Teddy remarked. "You didn't reach the yard at all."

"Never mind whether I did or not. I've come back for another load. This scrap is mine. I found it yesterday."

"All right. You can have any you find around here except this pile."

"I'll have that, too," said the other, and he advanced on Teddy with his piece of pipe raised threateningly.

The piece of pipe he had in his hand was only about half the length of that which Teddy had, and the latter, instead of striking at him, held his four feet of pipe like a soldier holding his bayonet for a charge.

He rushed at the fellow, and got the end of it square against his stomach. The impetus of the rush caused the fellow to stumble and fall backwards.

"Now you lie there and keep quiet," said Teddy, "or I'll make a finish of you," and he stood over him with the bar of iron raised.

Every time the fellow tried to rise Teddy gave him a punch that forced him to lie still.

At last Jack returned, and when he saw the junkman on the ground he exclaimed:

"By George, I thought I'd find you here! You dumped your load somewhere and came back here to get our pile. You are a straight-out thief and dare not deny it."

"I can prove that I found it," said the other."

"I don't want you to prove it. I'm willing to admit that you did find it, taking your word for it, but you can't claim anything that you didn't pile up. Now, you want to get out of here just about as quickly as you can."

They let him get up, and he pushed his empty cart away, leaving the field entirely to Teddy and Jack, who at once began tossing the stuff into their cart.

It was a big load, for they wouldn't leave a single piece behind that was worth taking.

While they were taking their load to the junk-yard Teddy suggested that they buy an ammonia gun to use on their enemies when they annoyed them. Jack had never seen one, but Teddy explained that he knew where to get one and Jack agreed.

CHAPTER XIV.

HOW TEDDY PUZZLED THE JUNK DEALERS.

That evening Jack went with Teddy to a place where sporting goods were sold, and each bought one. Jack was tickled over it, and fairly itched for his rival junkmen to tackle him.

"Now, Jack," Teddy warned him, "don't you go to hunting trouble. We will have enough of it, anyway. The police are down on all the push-cart men, and are always on the lookout to run them in. Let's go right along attending to our own business, and don't interfere with any one else."

"That's right," returned Jack. "I've had some trouble with the cops myself, and once I had to leave my cart and skip."

"What was it about?" Teddy asked.

"Had trouble with another junkman. I had to leave my cart and take to my heels; the other fellow got caught. The boy who has to make his living on the streets of New York has a tough time of it. He has mighty few friends, and he has to paddle his own canoe."

"Now, look here, Jack, what are you paying for board?"

"I don't know. I just pay a dollar a week for a bedroom in that tenement house where I'm living, and I take my meals outside at a little restaurant where I can get meals cheap."

"What does your meals cost you a week?"

"Oh, about two dollars, I guess."

"That makes three dollars. Now, you come up and share my bed with me, and we'll take our meals there at home, and it will cost less for each of us. You'll probably not have to pay over two dollars and a half a week, and we can be together. As it is, we are living a mile apart."

"All right," said Jack. "I would like that."

That evening when Teddy went home he told Jimmie Morrissey that his partner was going to move in and live with him, and, as he would pay half the rent, he, Jimmie, would have to go back to his own room.

"All right," said Jimmie, "if that will help you out any."

"It will help me out, and as we are partners we had better

stay together. There are other junkmen who are going to try to do us up if they can catch us separately."

Katie was very much pleased, and so was Ellen Morrissey, who was rooming with her.

Teddy vouching for Jack being all right satisfied Ellen's mother; so a day or two later, when Jack moved in, there was more company both for Teddy and the two girls.

Mrs. Morrissey and the old man came in to talk with Jack to size him up.

The old man examined his hand and found it hard and rough; so he knew by that that he was a hard worker.

The boys started out together the next morning. They had left their cart at a junk dealer's yard, paying fifty cents a week for the privilege.

Jack told Teddy where to bring the cart, saying that he would go on ahead up to a certain street where he expected to find a good deal of scrap iron lying about.

"All right," said Teddy. "I'll join you as quickly as I can," and he went into the junk yard, where there were other junkmen getting their carts to start out.

He had no sooner secured his cart than he saw the young fellow, whom they called Dan, with whom they had had the trouble about the cartload of junk.

Dan looked around as if in search of some one. He was looking to see if Jack was about, and not seeing him he went up to Teddy and rubbed his brawny fist against his nose, saying:

"Smell of that, now, before you swallow it."

Teddy jumped back, made a wry face, and asked:

"Say, don't you ever use any soap on those hands? You want to bury that fist."

Dan uttered an oath and sprang at him.

The next moment he was down on the ground, rolling over and over in the dirt, gasping for breath, for Teddy had shot a stream of ammonia right into his nose. He coughed and sneezed, and half a dozen other junkmen stood around him, wondering what was the matter with him.

They hadn't seen the little ammonia gun in Teddy's hand, for he had thrust it back into his pocket as soon as he had used it.

Teddy didn't wait for him to get over it, but took his cart and left the junk yard, leaving the others to look after Dan.

Having gotten some of the ammonia clear up his nostrils, it took Dan ten or fifteen minutes to get over it. He coughed and sneezed and staggered about like a drunken man, and for the life of him he couldn't tell any of the boys what had hit him; but he swore that he intended to "kill that fellow" if he hanged for it.

"What did he do to you?" the others asked.

"Hanged if I know; but something hit me in the face, took my breath away from me, and nearly strangled me to death."

"Well, what did he do it for?" the old junk dealer asked.

"I was going to lick him."

"You were, eh? And got licked yourself? You are a bigger boy than he is, and ought to be able to lick him with one hand. You want to go somewhere and learn how to lick a boy before you talk about killing anybody," and the old man chuckled over what he considered some very good advice.

"Where did he go?" Dan asked.

"He went off up the street, away towards Harlem."

"Well, I don't push my cart to-day until I have licked him," and taking up a piece of iron pipe about three feet long he started off with it.

Teddy was then about four or five blocks away from the junk yard.

He was pushing his empty cart before him, wondering how Dan was coming out of the trouble with the ammonia. He heard the rattling of other carts behind him. They were the other junk dealers who were trying to keep up with Dan and see the fight.

Teddy saw Dan coming, and instantly stopped.

CHAPTER XV.

A DAY OF TROUBLE FOR TEDDY AND JACK.

When he caught sight of Dan, Teddy saw him with an iron pipe raised above his head, rushing at him to brain him.

He barely had time to dodge under his cart and scramble from under it on the other side. The iron pipe came down on the top of the cart with a tremendous crash.

When he rose up on the other side he had his ammonia gun in his hand, and he leaped over with its muzzle within a foot of Dan's nose.

The next moment Dan was rolling on the cobble stones gasping and sneezing and coughing just as he had done down in the junkyard.

Teddy had some twine in his pocket. He went over and tied his hands behind his back, raised him and tossed him into his cart.

"What are you going to do with him?" the others asked.

"Take him to the station-house," was the reply.

"Well, what did you do to him?"

"I just hoodooed him, that's all. He has threatened to do me up, and this is the second time he has attacked me. Who of you will go along with me as witnesses?"

They were all rivals, and glad enough to get one of their number out of the way; so three of them went along with him. They reached the station-house after quite a tramp, but before they got there Dan had pulled himself together again.

He was kicking and trying to get out of the cart.

There was a policeman in front of the station, and Teddy called to him:

"Say, cop, here's a prisoner for you."

"What's he been doing?" he asked, coming up and looking at Dan.

He has been chasing me with that piece of iron. He came up behind me, and I dodged under the cart, and there is where the blow landed. It would have killed an ox, and here are three witnesses to make good my charge against him."

Dan was dumfounded.

The officer seized him by the collar of the coat, yanked him out of the push-cart and went into the police-station with him.

Not until he arraigned him before the sergeant's desk did he know the prisoner's hands were tied behind him.

"Cut that twine off his hands," ordered the sergeant, and the officer did so.

Teddy preferred the charge against him, gave his name and address, as did the other boys as witnesses.

"How did you catch him and tie him up?" the sergeant asked.

"Oh, that was easy!"

"Say, sergeant," said Dan, "he shot some kind of fluid in my face that took my breath away, and down I went, and when I came to he had me tied and in the cart."

"How's that?" the sergeant asked, looking at Teddy.

"That's just what I did, sergeant. I had to do it to save my life. Here's his weapon," and he showed the iron pipe with which Dan had assailed him.

"All right," said the sergeant. "You must show up at police court to-morrow morning at nine o'clock," and with that he ordered the prisoner locked up in a cell.

Then the sergeant looked Teddy in the face, and said:

"You have a bicycle gun, haven't you?"

"Yes, sir."

They knew all about the little ammonia weapon, and, as it was not a dangerous gun, they let him keep it; in fact, didn't even ask him to produce it.

Teddy left the station, and his fellow junkmen followed him. They wanted to see the ammonia gun.

"I'm not showing it around on the streets here," said Teddy.

Teddy was determined not to show his weapon of defense; so the boys went off in different directions looking for scrap iron, and Teddy went on in search of his partner.

Jack was considerably out of patience when he showed up.

"What in thunder has been keeping you?" he demanded.

Teddy then explained what had detained him, and Jack was so jubilant over it that he forgave him, saying he was sorry he hadn't been able to see the scrap.

They proceeded to fill the cart with the scrap Jack had gathered, but still they did not have a full load.

They managed to gather a little more by knocking around an hour or more.

Then they returned together to the junk-yard, Jack insisting that they should keep together for fear of more trouble.

When they returned to the old junk dealer's, he looked at Teddy and asked:

"What did you do to Dan?"

"I hoodooed him," said Teddy.

"Hoodooed nothing," returned the old man. "I want to know what you did to him."

"Do you want to know very bad?" asked Jack. "If you do,

what's the matter with your finding out. Just tell Teddy you will whale him if he doesn't tell you all about it, and then proceed to whale him."

The old junk dealer, however, was not in the whaling business; in fact, he was in fear of the two boys.

He paid a fair price for their load of scrap iron, and then again wanted to know what he had done to Dan.

Just then one of the other boys who had gone along with Teddy as a witness came in with his cart about two-thirds filled with scrap iron, and he told the old man that Dan was a prisoner in the police-station; that Teddy had downed him, tied his hands behind him, and took him there a prisoner.

"Where's the piece of pipe that Dan carried away with him?" the old man asked.

"I left it at the station," said Teddy, "to show to the judge to-morrow morning as the weapon he had attacked me with."

"Well, I'll hold you responsible for it."

"That's all right. I'm not responsible for it, though. It's in the hands of the law. You let Dan have it when he chased me, and you want to look out that an officer doesn't come down here and take you away for letting him have it as a weapon."

"Say," said the last junk cartman that came in, "you are holding Dan's cart as security for it."

"Is that so?" Teddy asked, looking the fellow square in the face.

"Yes," sang out two or three young fellows.

"All right, then. I'll tell the judge that to-morrow," and with that Teddy and Jack went out together again, keeping along the river front until they had gone considerably more than a mile up the street.

Then they turned westward, and were soon among the tenement houses.

Jack kept on the sidewalk, calling for old scrap iron.

They saw a young janitress standing in front of the stoop of a tenement house, and she asked:

"What are you paying for scrap iron?"

"Every cent it is worth," said Jack.

"Well, I've got a lot of it down in the cellar that I've been saving, a lot of old pots and cooking utensils, together with pieces of iron pipe that the plumbers left in making repairs."

"Let me see it," said Jack, and he went down with her in the basement to look at it.

There he found several push-cart loads piled up in a heap in a corner, and among them quite a number of pieces of lead piping.

"What do you want for the lot?" he asked.

"What'll you give for it?" was the cautious query.

"I'll give you a dollar and a half for it."

"Get out. It is worth five dollars."

"Yes; but I won't touch that lead pipe there, for the law is against it."

"Oh, that lead pipe is old stuff that has been thrown away. Every piece of it is mashed, and you can see it has been in use a long time."

"All right. I won't touch it," and he proceeded to separate the lead pipe from the other scrap.

When he threw it in a pile together, he remarked:

"That lead pipe is worth a great deal more than the iron, but it's too dangerous to handle. There's a lot of scrap-iron fellows that have got into trouble about buying it."

"Why, the boss told me I could have it."

"All right, then. I will buy it from the boss, but from nobody else. I'll give you a dollar and a half for the iron, and leave you the lead."

The janitress took his offer, and the two went to work loading up their cart.

They hurried down to the yard with it, and received a dollar and a half for the load, for the iron had not been lying out in the yard where the rain would make it rust.

It brought a good price, and Jack hired another cart for Teddy to push, and they returned with the two.

When they got back they found the husband of the woman whom they had bought the iron waiting for them.

He told them they could take no more of it, as his wife had no right to sell at that price, and he ordered them away.

"All right; just settle. I paid a dollar and a half for all the iron without the lead, and I want either the iron or the money back, or I'll make trouble for you."

The janitor, a big, burly fellow, pushed Jack clear off the sidewalk, and told him to skip out.

The next moment Teddy let him have a stream of ammonia full in his face.

CHAPTER XVI.

UP AGAINST MORE TROUBLE.

The ammonia had the same effect on the burly janitor that it did on the young junkman, and he went down then and there on the sidewalk gasping for breath.

Everybody in the big tenement building rushed down to see what was the matter with the janitor, and a crowd collected, and soon an officer was seen coming.

Teddy didn't wish to have the police take a hand in it at all, so he said to Jack:

"Come on; let's go to the station-house and lay the case before the captain," and they started off together, each of them pushing his cart, but some of the tenement dwellers set the officer after them, and before they had gone two blocks he had overtaken them.

"What are you two boys up to?" he asked, as he laid a hand on Jack's shoulder.

Then Jack told the story.

It so happened that that particular officer and the janitor were on bad terms, and the cop was just itching to get a chance at him.

"Come on back," he said, "and let me see how it is. If you have paid for that scrap iron I'll see that you get it."

Of course the boys had to go back.

The janitor had gone into his quarters, but his wife was out on the sidewalk dealing out left-handed blessings to all the scrap iron gatherers in general.

"There's the woman we paid a dollar and a half for the iron," said Jack; "but her husband, when we came back for the second load, wouldn't let us have it, and wanted us to pay more for it. He pushed me off the sidewalk, and that's the way the trouble began."

"Oh, Mr. Kiernan," said the janitress, "he threw ammonia in Mike's face and nearly strangled him to death."

"Well, did you sell him the iron?" the officer asked.

"Yes; but Mike wouldn't let the trade stand."

"Yes; but Mike can't do that. If you sold them the iron it is theirs, and Mike makes himself liable to arrest if he interferes. You tell Mike to come out here."

She went in to her apartments and brought her husband out.

"What's the trouble here?" the officer asked him rather gruffly, and he explained that his wife had sold some scrap iron belonging to him, and she had no right to sell it."

"Did the boys pay her the money for it?"

"Yes; but it wasn't hers to sell."

"All right, then; if she sold property that didn't belong to her I will run her in, for you know what the law is about that."

"Ah, I told her she could sell it," the janitor went on to explain.

"You did, eh? Then what do you mean by saying she had no right to sell it? Now, you want to let the boys take the iron out, and be quick about it."

The janitress opened the door, and the boys went down inside and began filling their carts.

They got their two carts full and took them down to the junkyard.

It was a lucky day for the two partners. They cleared up about seven dollars during the day, and were very much elated over it.

A day or two after that they were up in that neighborhood again, and learned from a little fellow that the janitor had a brother on the police force whose beat was just two blocks up in the direction they were going.

The little fellow informed them that the janitress was boasting that her brother-in-law on the force would get even with them if they went on his beat.

"Jack, I guess we'd better not go up there," said Teddy.

"Why not? What are you afraid of?"

"Why, what chance have we against that fellow if he wants to make any trouble for us? He could walk right up to us, pull us in, swear to a lie against us to-morrow morning, and nothing we could say would the judge believe. You see, I know those fellows."

Just then a man in the garb of a sailor stopped the two boys, and asked:

"Are you looking for junk?"

"Yes, of course."

"Well come down to the foot of that old wharf out there. The captain has a lot of it, which he had on board his schooner for ballast, and he wants to sell it."

CHAPTER XVII.

A WINDFALL FOR TEDDY AND JACK.

Teddy and Jack at once started for the old wharf, led by the sailor.

They soon reached there, and found the captain of the schooner.

There were several tons of scrap iron lying on the wharf that had been used as ballast.

"Captain," called Jack, "do you want to sell this iron?"

"Yes; if I can't sell it I'll have to leave it here, and I want it taken away just as soon as possible, for I want the room."

"How much have you got there?"

"Oh, I don't know. There are several tons. I gave twenty-five dollars for it, and if you want it you can have it at that price. There are some eight or ten tons of it."

"Teddy," said Jack in an undertone, "I'd buy it, but hanged if I know how we will move it. There are pieces of iron there that we can't handle."

"What's the matter with our getting some truckman to carry it?"

Jack whistled, and remarked:

"That costs money."

"Yes; but if it is worth that much we can afford to hire trucks. I think that Uncle Pat can get truckmen to move it for us, and we won't be gouged, either."

"Say, captain," said Teddy, "we will take that iron at twenty-five dollars."

"All right; let me see the color of your money," said the captain of the schooner.

"Well, I'll pay you ten dollars now to seal the bargain, and will come up to-morrow to pay the other. We have got to get trucks to take it away."

"All right; but I want you to get it away as soon as you can," and with that Teddy paid him ten dollars, for which the captain went down in the cabin of his schooner and soon returned with a receipt.

No sooner had they taken the receipt than the policeman came down there and ordered them to get off the wharf with their carts.

"See here, Cop," said Jack, "we have just bought this pile of iron and paid ten dollars down for it."

The officer threatened to club them if they didn't get off the wharf with their carts.

"Look here, officer," said the captain, "ain't you going a little too far with this business?"

"No; they have no business to be here on this wharf with their push-carts."

"I happen to know better than that. People have the right to come down on the wharf with any kind of a vehicle drawn by horses, oxen or boys, provided they have any business here."

"You want to keep your mouth shut or I'll run you in," said the officer.

"No, you won't run me in," said the captain. "I'll go to the station-house and report your conduct."

"Report and be hanged!" said the officer, and he made an attempt to whack Jack on the back with his club.

Jack got out of his way, and seizing his cart, said:

"Come on, Teddy."

Teddy followed him, and the captain started for the police station.

The officer, though, had no intention of letting him go there to make a complaint against him, so he concluded to arrest him, and thus have that advantage of him, for the complaint of a prisoner never amounts to anything.

"I'll take you there myself," said the officer.

"Hands off," said the old sea-dog. "I don't care if you do have a uniform on. I'm an American citizen and have done nothing to be arrested for."

The officer drew back his club as if to strike him, and with that the old seaman dealt him a blow that laid him out flat on the wharf, and the next moment he was deprived of his club and revolver.

Of course the two boys and a couple of seamen belonging to the schooner were witnesses.

The policeman picked himself up, and the seaman said to him:

"Come to the station-house now, and I will return you your

club and revolver there. You are up against the wrong man. You can't club me and play a snide game on me."

They went to the police station together, and there the captain of the schooner told his story and the officer told his.

The sergeant abused him roundly, and ordered him to be locked up for striking an officer.

It turned out that the sea captain was a man of a great deal of influence in certain business circles, and he at once sent for a certain business man, who was perhaps the most influential one in that part of the city.

He came to the station, and had a row with the sergeant, who refused to let his prisoner go.

The citizen went to the nearest telegraph station, and wired to a prominent politician, who went to the police authorities and got an order for the release of the sea captain.

"Now," said the captain to the officer who arrested him, as well as the sergeant, "I'm going to make you fellows sick of this thing," and he proceeded at once to make his threat good.

He reported both the officers to the board of police commissioners, and they were very promptly summoned to make an explanation.

In the meantime, Teddy and Jack hurried downtown to see old Pat Morrissey.

Of course, they had to wait until he came home after his day's work, and they explained to him the windfall that had come to them.

"Why, me byes," said he, "it will cost you twenty-five or thirty dollars to move all that iron."

"Well, I'd be glad to get it done for that," said Jack. "If it were to cost fifty dollars to move it, it would pay us."

The old man said that he would see that they got the trucks.

He knew of several big, heavy, two-horse trucks that were then in search of jobs.

He went out in person, and spent three hours or more hunting up the truckmen he wanted to see.

They all promised to be on hand early the next morning, and the boys got their fifteen dollars to pay the captain.

They found him on board his vessel, and paid him the money, getting a receipt for the balance.

Then the truckmen began loading.

Jack went down with the first load, and the old junk dealer's eyes bulged when he saw the character of the material that had been brought in.

Jack showed his receipt for the money he had paid for it, and as there were half a dozen different classes of iron in the pile, he had quite a wrangle with the old man; but Jack pointed to the prices on the placard by the door and demanded that he be paid what each class called for.

The old dealer had to comply, for Jack told him he would drive to the next junkyard if he didn't.

There were three trucks going all day.

Jack soon made the discovery that it was a greater bargain than he had at first suspected, for some of the material was of the best grade, and there was a great deal of brass in the collection.

It took the three trucks two whole days to move the material.

It cost them about sixty dollars for cartage, yet the entire material brought in over three hundred dollars.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A NEW DEAL.

It was the best piece of good luck that ever fell to scrap iron gatherers when Teddy and Jack made the bargain with the captain of the schooner.

It enabled them to buy a good strong wagon and horse, which they did at the suggestion of old Pat Morrissey.

The old truckman managed to find room in the stable where he kept his horses, which reduced their expenses a great deal.

One day Jack suggested to Teddy that they secure a junkyard of their own, and become dealers instead of finders of scrap iron.

"All right," said Teddy. "There is money in the business, but we can't afford to pay a very large rent, you know."

"No; we'll have to look out for a place that is producing no income for the owner."

"Well, can we find any such place?"

"Yes; I have in mind now several vacant lots lying side by side with an old frame store-house on it. The old house has been vacant three or four years. Somehow or other it never paid as a store, and the rats have full possession of it, and as rats can't eat scrap iron, they can't damage us any. I guess we can get rid of them, anyway."

"Well, let's look at it," suggested Teddy.

They drove to the place, which was down near the North River.

It had a high board fence around it, put up for the purpose of getting a little income out of bill posters.

They spent a couple of days trying to find the manager of the estate to which the property belonged, and when they did they found him to be a very sensible, solid old citizen.

When they inquired about renting the property, the old gentleman, whose name was McAllister, looked over his glasses at them.

"Want it for a junkyard, eh?" he asked.

"Yes, sir; we want to set up in business for ourselves. We've made some money at it, and what we don't know about the business nobody can tell us."

"How much money have you made at it?"

"Well, we are several hundred dollars ahead," was the cautious reply. "We are able to pay a fair rent. We will attend strictly to business, and can give you good references as to what sort of boys we are."

"Well, I don't want it to be the headquarters for a lot of rowdy boys. I've often thought of having the building torn down to keep tramps from making use of the building of nights. I could sell it to some contractor, who would tear it down and move it away for the lumber there is in it."

Jack gave him the names of several parties who were respectable business men, whom he knew would give him a good name, and so it happened that the gentleman knew two of the parties personally.

He told them to come back in a day or two and he would give them his answer.

When they did come back two days later, the gentleman asked:

"Which of you is Teddy Malone?"

"That's my name, sir," said Teddy.

"Well, I saw one of the gentlemen you referred me to, and, really, you ought to feel proud of the good name he gave you. You can have the use of the lot and the old building for three hundred dollars a year, on condition that you act as watchman for the property."

"How long a term can we get it for?"

"Oh, you can have it for eight or ten years, as it can't be sold until one of the youngest of the heirs to it is of age, and to help you out in fixing it up comfortable I'll give you the first three months' rent free. You will have trouble with tramps, though, who have been using it of summer nights as a shelter where they can go in and sleep on the floor, so as to be out of the way of the police. Of course, you'll have to put in glass in the windows and locks on the doors, and there is a leak in the rear of the house that will have to be stopped, but I don't think it will cost you two months' rent to get it in shape. The gentleman told me you had been paddling your own canoe since you were fourteen years old, and that you are educating your young sister. I am a friend of every boy of that kind."

"Thank you, sir," said Teddy. "I will have a talk with Mr. Morrissey, whose wife is like a mother to us. He is an old truckman, and has always given us good advice, and to-morrow I'll come back and let you know about it."

That night Teddy had a long talk with the old truckman.

"I know the place," said old Pat Morrissey. "It is rather a hard neighborhood down there."

"Yes, so it is; but that won't interfere with our business. I'd like to have you go down there early in the morning, and go through the old building and tell us what you think about it."

The old man did so.

"I guess you'd better take it, boys," was his decision, and so they did.

They at once paid twenty-five dollars for rent, and received a receipt for four months.

Then they went to work and employed scrub women to clean out the old building from top to bottom, and a carpenter was hired to stop the leak and do some other repairing, together with a glazier to put glass into all the windows.

Strong locks were put on the doors, but the first night tramps broke the locks and slept in the house as though they were the real owners of it.

"Now, Teddy," said Jack, "we must move in a couple of cots and sleep here to-night, and keep out those bums."

CHAPTER XIX.

A NEW HOME FOR THE MORRISSEYS.

Teddy's sister Katie was very much opposed to his going down to the new junkyard to sleep there, but he told her it

was necessary to protect the place from bums, who had been in the habit of using it of nights, and that he would manage to make some other arrangements inside of a week.

They had a couple of cots moved in, and that evening they took possession, with chairs and a table, and a lamp that gave them all the light they wanted.

The window glass had been put in all the windows of the lower story, hence they concluded that they had good, comfortable quarters.

New locks had been put on the doors, and to make it still stronger bars were put up by the carpenters.

Along about ten or eleven o'clock several old bums who had been sleeping there put in their appearance, but were ordered off by the two boys.

"We've rented this property for a scrap iron yard," they told them, "and you will have to find other quarters. The place is being fixed up for business."

The tramps merely laughed at them, and two of them burst past them, saying that they had been sleeping there all summer and were not going to be put out now.

Quick as a flash Teddy and Jack used their ammonia guns on them, and down they went, gasping, sneezing and coughing, as though some sudden disease had thrown them into a fit.

The boys took them by the heels and dragged them out on the sidewalk.

Two other bums attacked them, and they, too, were knocked over by the ammonia.

It raised quite an excitement among the habitues of the place, and a crowd of all sorts of tenement house people gathered around the house, and, of course, a policeman was attracted to the spot.

He elbowed his way to the door and demanded admittance.

Jack let him in, and he wanted to know what the trouble was.

Teddy showed him the receipt for the rent of the property from the manager of the estate, and explained that they had been compelled to use the ammonia guns on the bums, who insisted on coming in the place to sleep.

"Well, knock them out every time they bother you," said the officer, and he went out and summoned assistance.

The four bums were arrested and taken to the station-house.

The next morning when the carpenters appeared to resume work for the day they were greatly amused when told the experience of the two boys during the night.

At the end of a week the repairers had finished.

The old house had been cleaned from top to bottom, and Mrs. Morrissey came down to look at it.

When she saw the rooms upstairs, four in all, she made up her mind that they would make a better home than the one she was then occupying, as all the rooms had outside windows, quite different from her own home, for there three or four of her rooms were dark on the brightest day.

"Now, Teddy," she said, "what's the matter with letting us have this floor?"

"Say, Mrs. Morrissey, do you want to move down here?"

"Faith, and I do," she replied.

"Then do so, and Jack and I will give you the rent for our board, and we'll sleep down here in the back room on the first floor."

That suited her, and old Pat Morrissey was pleased.

"I'll pay board for Katie," said Teddy.

"That'll make it about right," said the old truckman, and so they moved down and took possession of the upper story.

It was a good thing for both sides, for the old truckman was frequently of great assistance to the boys in dealing with some of the tough characters in the neighborhood. He was a big, brawny fellow, with the strength of a horse, and as he was always at home of evenings, the young toughs who were disposed to make trouble for the boys frequently felt the weight of his heavy hand.

In the meantime, Teddy and Jack hunted up all the junk gatherers on that side of the city, and soon the push-carts were coming in almost hourly every day with loads of scrap iron.

Scrap iron accumulated rapidly, and soon they had many tons of it in the yard.

The manager of the estate frequently paid them a visit to see how they were getting on.

CHAPTER XX.

TEDDY AND JACK FIGHT A CONSPIRACY.

The manager of the estate assured the boys that if they needed a friend they could find one in him, and that as long as

they attended strictly to business and dealt fairly with everybody, he would back them up whenever they needed it.

Mr. McAllister was very much interested in the two boys, and at least once a month he paid them a visit.

Once he found them with very little scrap iron in the yard, and he said:

"How is this, boys? You seem to be out of stock."

"Yes, sir; and we were very glad to get out of it. We had paid for fully fifty tons, and we needed more cash, so we made a big deal and sold it, and now we are ready and able to pay for more than a hundred tons."

A short time after that, in making a search about daylight, Jack found a coil of new lead pipe, which had been thrown over the fence the night before.

He immediately took it to the police station and reported how he had found it.

Some dealers in lead pipe stamp their trade mark on the pipe they have in stock.

At the station Jack found the mark of a well-known dealer, and he at once called on the firm, and inquired if any lead pipe had been stolen from him.

"Not that I am aware of," was the reply. "Why do you ask?"

"Well, a coil with your name on it was thrown over into our scrap iron yard last night, and I took it to the police station. I would be glad to have you send a man down there to examine it."

The firm sent one of their salesmen to the station, and as soon as he saw it he remarked that he himself had sold that coil to a junk dealer the day before.

"Can you swear to that?" the captain of the police station inquired.

"Yes, for there is not only our own trade mark on it, but the mark that I made myself with my pocket knife is on the inside of the coil."

"How did you happen to make that mark there?" he was asked.

"I did it as a sort of memoranda, for it came with a big lot of other pipe that had been received from a manufacturer. It was lying on top of the heap, and I put the mark there to enable me to identify it when the bill came in. I sold it myself to a dealer named Cohen—Isaac Cohen."

Teddy and Jack at once put the matter in the hands of the lawyer whom Mr. McAllister had recommended to them, and a warrant was at once issued for old Cohen's arrest.

A detective went to him, and asked if he had lost any lead pipe.

The old fellow denied that he had.

"Well," the detective asked, "what became of the coil of lead pipe that you bought from Anderson & Co. a day or two ago?"

"I sold it," he said.

"Who did you sell it to?"

"I don't know, but I believe a contractor bought it. He is building some houses uptown."

"Are you sure you sold it?"

"Yes, I am."

The detective arrested him, and he was confronted with the coil of lead pipe that had been found in Jack and Teddy's yard.

He denied that it had ever been in his possession.

He was taken before a court, and there the salesman who sold him the lead pipe identified him as the purchaser, as well as the lead pipe itself.

He was remanded for the Grand Jury, charged with conspiracy against the two junk dealers.

He had to give bail, after which he was released, and he returned to his place of business.

The other junk dealers, when they heard of it, chuckled, for they were all glad to see a rival get into trouble.

They were a little bit startled, though, at the shrewdness of the two boys, and it was quite a while before a similar trick was attempted to be played on them, yet they never for a singly day relaxed their vigilance.

One night, some time after midnight, Mrs. Morrissey awakened her husband, and told him she heard somebody out in the junkyard.

She was lying next to an open window, and calling her husband's attention to it, he listened and said he heard them, too.

He said it was some old tramp that had crawled over the fence to lie down and sleep where the officers couldn't see him. But that was not quite satisfactory to her, and she made him get up and go downstairs and tell the boys about it. He did

so, and the three went out in the yard and saw a man trying to climb over the fence, for the big gate was securely locked.

Jack made a dash for him, and gave him a dose of ammonia just as he reached the top of the fence.

CHAPTER XXI.

TEDDY'S ARREST AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

When Jack sent the stream of ammonia in the face of the man on the fence the latter tumbled off to the ground on the outside.

They heard him gasping and coughing.

"Say, Uncle Pat," said Teddy, "give me a lift, and I'll go over after him."

"All right, me bye," and the big truckman raised him up to the top of the fence, where he leaped to the ground below. Jack followed him, while the old man went back to the house to pass out through a door and joined them on the outside.

There they found a tough-looking chap, who had been a couple of years in the employment of old Isaac Cohen, a rival dealer a quarter of a mile up the street.

They seized him, took him back into the yard, and there forced him to tell what he had been doing in there.

He was badly frightened, and admitted that he had been concealing a coil of lead pipe und some scrap iron.

They made him show where he had hidden it.

They found it, and at once took him and the lead pipe to the police station.

There he confessed to the police that Cohen had forced him to put it there on pain of discharging him if he didn't, and promising to increase his wages if he did.

Cohen was arrested again a little after sunrise, and, of course, he denied his employee's story point blank; but it did no good. He was locked up, and being a man of considerable means, was enabled to give bail again.

One day the policeman came into the yard and looked all around.

Teddy went out and joined him.

"What are you looking for, officer?" he asked.

"Just looking to see if anybody had been playing any games on you."

"No, there has been none played on us since the last arrest of old Ike Cohen. We keep a pretty strict watch on the yard. It's the first thing we do of mornings when we get up. We inspect the entire yard very closely."

"That's right," said the officer, and as he went around inspecting every nook and corner of the yard it looked as though he was quite sure that lead pipe was concealed somewhere in the lot.

The roar of wagons in the street was incessant, but Teddy heard the jingle of a scrap iron cart above the din of the trucks.

He thought it was one of his regular customers.

Suddenly he saw a coil of bright new lead pipe come flying over the fence.

It landed square around the officer's neck, and hung there.

It knocked his hat off, and bruised one side of his face.

He ripped out an oath, threw the coil off his neck, grabbed Teddy by the collar, and remarked:

"That's your game, is it? Some of your men throw the coil over the fence before they push their carts into the yard."

"Well, you saw it come over the fence. Why don't you go and catch the fellow who threw it?"

"Oh, don't talk back to me. I'm onto your game. You come to the station-house with me," and he marched him off to the station, which was but three blocks away.

There, to Teddy's dumfounded amazement, the officer reported that he had found the coil of small lead pipe in the yard, and he was locked up in a cell.

His ammonia gun was found in his pocket.

Jack went to the station to see about it, and he, too, was locked up.

It so happened, though, that Mrs. Morrissey and the wife of another truckman were sitting at an upper window in the house over the office, and were both witnesses of the coil of pipe coming over the fence and landing on the officer's shoulders, and they both laughed heartily at the incident, so at the police court the next morning they both showed up with the old truckman, who had notified the lawyer of the manager of the property, and both of them told their story on the witness stand, to the consternation of the policeman.

They confirmed Teddy's story in every particular, and the bruise on the officer's face was a corroboration.

The judge looked at the officer, and asked:

"How did you get your face bruised?" and he perjured himself in his explanation.

"The case against the prisoners is dismissed," said the judge; "and I shall report the arresting officer to the police commissioners. I believe you have sworn falsely, and if you continue on the force in this precinct I shall require every charge you make against a prisoner to be corroborated, for I believe you to be a first-class scoundrel and unworthy of belief."

The newspapers commented in a vigorous manner on the judge's roasting of the officer.

The chief of police was forced by public sentiment to suspend the officer until the matter was investigated.

"Now, Teddy," said Jack, "we are in for it. The police will worry and nag us from this time out, and we've got to be on our guard all the time."

CHAPTER XXII.

HOW TEDDY MADE IT HOT FOR HIS ENEMIES.

As might have been expected, the old truckman himself came in for a share of the displeasure of the police force on account of the evidence given against the officer who arrested Teddy.

One of them went to the old man and told him he'd find it very much to his interest to make his wife modify her evidence when she appeared before the police commissioners.

The old fellow became piping hot, and gave vent to a good deal of very candid opinion of the officer who had tried to break up the business of two honest boys.

The officer told him that he would be very sorry for it before many weeks.

It wasn't very long after that when one of the Morrissey children, a little boy of about twelve years of age, was playing ball in the street with the other boys. Out of the four boys who were playing with him the Morrissey lad was the only one arrested, and the arrest was made by the officer who had threatened the old man.

The lad was arraigned before a magistrate the next morning on the charge of violating the city ordinance against playing ball in the streets.

Old Pat was on hand, and asked permission of the judge, being father of the lad, to make an explanation.

The judge looked at him, and said:

"All right. What explanation have you to make?"

"Simply this, Your Honor. I've been living nearly four months down in that street, and scarcely a day in decent weather has passed when boys are not tossing balls, and this is the first arrest that has been made."

"That has nothing to do with it," said the judge, very tartly.

"Your Honor will think differently when you have heard my story," returned the old man. "The lad's mother was a witness against Officer McCall a short time ago in this court. McCall is now under suspension by the chief of police for false arrest, and making false charges against Malone & Jacobs, who have an iron junk yard on the lot where I reside. The officer who arrested my son came to me about two weeks ago and threatened the vengeance of the police in that precinct if I didn't persuade Mrs. Morrissey to modify her evidence against McCall when his trial came up before the police commissioners. I defied him, and yesterday afternoon four boys were tossing a ball in the street; only one of them was arrested, and that was my son. I make this statement as under oath, Your Honor, and make no charge against the officer. You can make your own inference."

The judge turned and looked at the arresting officer, and without asking him a single question said:

"The prisoner is discharged."

The officer looked daggers at the old truckman, but, of course, he said nothing.

Weeks passed, and the trial of the policeman before the board of police commissioners came off.

Mrs. Morrissey and her friend, who was a witness, also, told their story, and the officer was promptly dismissed from the force, something that he didn't expect. He thought he would be fined ten or fifteen days' pay, and that would be the end of it; but it was a clear case of conspiracy to ruin the young scrap iron dealers, which was something extremely outrageous in the face of the law.

Then Teddy and Jack began suit against him, and their lawyer managed to bring about an indictment.

In the meantime the boys were extremely strict in watching their yard, and several times they found lead pipe which they had not purchased lying among their piles of scrap iron,

and always took it to the police station just before the arrival of an officer to search the premises.

The officers greeted them rather brusquely, but they cared little for that, as long as they could make no charge against them. But one morning Jack was arrested by an officer before he could reach the station house, to which he was going with some brass that had been thrown over the fence into the yard.

Jack told him where the brass came from, and where he was taking it.

The officer, though, collared him, and made the charge against him of having stolen goods in his possession.

When he was arraigned the next morning before the judge he told his story, and the judge understanding the animus of the police against the two dealers, asked the arresting officer if it was true that the prisoner had told him he was taking the brass to the police station.

"No, Your Honor. He was trying to sell it."

The judge looked the officer straight in the face, and remarked:

"I believe you are swearing falsely and maliciously."

Of course the officer couldn't talk back to the judge, who continued, saying:

"I know that the prisoner and his partner have repeatedly taken stolen goods to that station, turned them over to the officers, claiming that they had been thrown into their yard for the purpose of bringing about their arrest. I know, too," said the judge, "that you are aware of that fact. The prisoner is discharged, and I shall report your conduct to the board of police commissioners."

Apparently the judge was not only an honest man, but took no stock in stories told him by arresting officers. He had seen enough to understand that the boys had the police against them, and he had made up his mind that he would not believe ill of them until he was fully convinced of their guilt.

It was the second time that he had roasted the police for making false charges against the boys.

By this time they were getting very sore over the matter, and for a time they bothered the boys no more.

There were a great many young toughs in the vicinity, and of evenings they were in the habit of gathering on the corner in front of the office.

They wrote a note to the captain of the police station, and complained, asking that the officer on their post be instructed to break up the gang that gathered there nightly; but nothing was done.

Then they appealed to the chief of police, who referred the complaint to the captain of the precinct, with instructions to investigate.

Still the toughs congregated on the corner, to the number of a dozen or fifteen every evening.

The windows had to be kept closed in order to save the two young girls and the old truckman's wife from being compelled to listen to the vile talk going on below.

The next morning Mr. McAllister made a written statement to the board of police commissioners, and it was signed by the two gentlemen who were with him.

It stated that for two hours they sat there and saw what was going on, and said that the police captain had been appealed to, and so had the chief, and nothing had been done.

McAllister stated that he would appeal to every known authority in the city to break it up.

"All right," said the head of the police board. "I will send for the captain of that precinct at once," and he did so.

The captain stated that he had sent officers down there to investigate, and they had reported that there was nothing in the complaint at all.

"That won't do," said the commissioner. "Just read this complaint signed by citizens whose words are worth more before this board than every officer you have under your command. Now, if this thing happens again I will see to it that a captain will be placed in command of that precinct who will break up that sort of thing."

CHAPTER XXIII.

CONCLUSION.

That night a policeman took his stand on the corner, and told every one of the young toughs that they couldn't congregate there any more.

It went on that way for another year, by which time they had become known as the most successful scrap-iron junk dealers in the city. They had grown up very muscular young fellows, and were a match for any one of the young toughs in the neighborhood.

Old Pat Morrissey remained there with them in the rooms overhead, and they were all a happy family.

The two young girls were now about eighteen years of age, and were not only well educated, but beautiful.

The boys were their constant escorts wherever they went. One evening Jack said to Teddy that he was dead in love with Katie.

"Oh, tell me something new!" laughed Teddy. "Everybody in the neighborhood knows that."

"All right, then. Have you any objections to my asking her to marry me?"

"None whatever, Jack, but will she have you?"

"Well, all I know about that is that she has told me several times that she would."

"Oh, the deuce! You are already engaged, are you?"

"Yes."

"Well, what the thunder are you asking me about my objections for, then?"

"Because she told me to do so."

On the same evening that Jack asked Teddy about his marrying his sister Katie, Teddy spoke to Mr. and Mrs. Morrissey about their daughter Ellen.

"Take her, me bye," said the old man, "for I know she will just die of a broken heart if she doesn't get you."

"Oh, my!" exclaimed Ellen. "That's awful!"

"All right," said Teddy. "I believe it would kill me if I didn't get her."

"Well, we don't want any funerals around here," said the old man, "so I guess you had better get married, and make it safe."

"All right: it will be a good life insurance for both of us."

A month later there was a double wedding, and the two young couples settled down to enjoy a life of happiness.

Only a few friends were invited, and life went on smoothly with them.

A year later both Katie and Ellen were mothers, and the boys were no longer willing that they should remain in the old building at the junk yard, so they clubbed together and bought a neat little home away uptown on the West Side.

Old Pat Morrissey was content to remain where he was, and the boys let him do so, rent free, on condition of his taking care of the yard and house of nights, and a better guard would have been hard to find anywhere in the city.

After eight years, Mr. McAllister notified Teddy and Jack that the youngest heir would be of age inside of six months, and that then the estate would be divided, and the property where the scrap iron yard was would be sold.

"Jack," said Teddy, "we will have to get out, and had better be looking for another location."

They hunted around until they found another vacant spot that was held by an estate in a way similar to the one they had been occupying, and they rented it for six hundred dollars a year.

There was no house on it, but they decided they could build a little office on it that would answer their purpose, and have one of their employees sleep there as a protection against thieves.

They secured it, but didn't begin business until the other property had been sold.

Just as Teddy had expected, one man bought two lots, and three different men bought the other three. The new owners were anxious to rent, but their aggregate demands amounted to fully fifteen hundred dollars a year rent.

They seemed to think that they had the boys in their power, but they didn't.

They went to a wholesale scrap-iron dealer, and disposed of more than a hundred and fifty tons of scrap iron in one sale, and then told the new owners they were ready to vacate the premises.

Then they came down at least one-half in their demands, but the boys declined and moved off.

The Morrisseys moved into the house that Jack and Teddy were occupying, and they are there until this day.

Both the boys are practically rich. They each now have four children, and they are still dealing in old iron.

"It has been a tough job all along," said Teddy, "but I paddled my own canoe, dealt squarely with everybody, and have pulled through even against a strong current. It comes to every one who attends strictly to business and deals honestly with his customers—the success he is entitled to."

Next week's issue will contain "LARRY LANE'S LUCK; OR, FIGHTING THE MALAY PIRATES." By Cornelius Shea.

CURRENT NEWS

Simon Jennings, an aged farmer, of Burg Hill, Pa., does not believe in banks, so, when he disposed of a farm, he placed \$450 in greenbacks in an old boot and hid it in the attic. While engaged in cleaning house, his wife found the boot and threw it into a bonfire. The boot and the roll of money were burned before Jennings found out what his wife had done.

Wooden telegraph poles will soon be a thing of the past in New Zealand. In the future they will give place to the more durable poles made of ferro-concrete. These poles, being uniform in design, will present a more pleasing appearance to the eye than do the wooden poles, which are rough looking and decidedly disfiguring to the streets in which they are placed.

Mrs. Jennie Rhinehardt, of Dutchess Junction, learning to milk a cow, was gored to death in Cook's Falls, N. Y., where she was visiting. A cow owned by her father-in-law, Herman Rhinehardt, while pestered with flies, suddenly turned on her and jammed her against a fence, breaking four of her ribs and her right arm and injuring her internally. She died shortly afterward. She was twenty-nine years old.

The next design for United States field artillery guns will be provided with a splittrail gun carriage, which will permit the elevation of field artillery guns to almost any angle. The Army Ordnance Department is developing projectiles which will leave a trail of smoke by day and of light by night. It is believed that with such projectiles the range upon aeroplanes can be found, and an effective defense provided against an attack from overhead.

Welker Cockran, the youthful billiardist expert from Chicago, played two games at Doyle's Forty-second street room the other day. It was the young westerner's first appearance in this city, and the form he displayed set all the billiard fans' tongues wagging. In the afternoon he defeated F. Olando in two hundred points of 14.1 by a score of 200 to 70. In the evening he showed up in remarkable shape by winning from George Avery by a score of 200 to 19 in six innings, making high runs of 100 and 45.

It is stated that, recently, at the army proving grounds at Sandy Hook, all records with 12-inch guns were broken when a range of 20,000 yards, or over eleven miles, was attained with 700-pound projectiles. This is the weight of shell used in the 12-inch mortars. According to the Army and Navy Journal, eleven miles is the limit of fire control, since it is not believed that any range finder can be developed which will make the fire of guns effective beyond this distance, the curvature of the earth rendering it impossible for range finders to locate an object at a greater distance.

In a thunderstorm at the base of Table Mountain, Silver Lake, Ore., recently the air became so charged with electricity that persons who touched metal or dipped their hands in water received sharp shocks. Sparks and blue flame shot from the finger tips to housewives who attempted to pick up cooking utensils. Mrs. Florence Bass sustained severe shock when her hand came in contact with a vessel on the cook stove. She then tried to lift something from a pan of water on the stove and a second shock, more severe than the first, was the result. A blue blaze shot from the tips of her finger with a report like the crack of a rifle.

An eight-day prize fight was held on board the Oceanic steamer Sonoma, which has arrived at Honolulu recently from Sydney. Two emus fought eight kangaroos. Jeff Smith, who claims the middleweight boxing championship of the world, refereed the fight and everything was carried out strictly on the square. The kangaroos never had a look in, says Smith, because the emus could kick or bite them and get away before a retaliating blow could be struck. The poor kangaroos had to pay the penalty of getting licked by having their breakfasts, lunches and dinners stolen from them by the emus. The animals are for the Golden Gate Park zoo in San Francisco.

Co-eds of the University of California eat more than a ton and a half of chocolates in the course of the college year, according to figures compiled by the co-operative store on the campus, chief purveyors of student sweets. At \$1 a pound the confectionery bill of the sweet-toothed students is \$3,120 a year. In the course of their four years at the university the co-eds nibble away nearly six and a half tons of candy, or 12,480 pounds, to use the exact figures. This sells for the neat sum of \$12,480, showing the high cost of being a co-ed. Dividing the total four years' cost among the 2,000 women produces a cost of \$6 for each co-ed, being an item of expense of higher co-education.

While Miss Margaret McKenzie fearlessly held a searchlight so that its rays were cast on a 200-pound black bear which had been driven up a tree by a pack of dogs, Frank Lee, of Hayden Lake, Wash., fired the shot which ended bruin's life. The daring of Miss McKenzie was the talk of the summer colony at Lee's Point, at Hayden Lake. It was known that a bear was prowling about the point, and when the barking of the dogs was heard at 8 P. M. Sunday Lee and James Buchane armed themselves with rifles and asked if any one wished to accompany them, and Miss McKenzie, who is a guest of Mrs. Lee, quickly volunteered. Realizing the danger of the enterprise, the men tried to dissuade her, but Miss McKenzie urged that she be allowed to go. When they neared the tree in which the bear had taken refuge the electric searchlight was given to Miss McKenzie. She turned its rays full on the bear, and one well placed shot from Lee's rifle brought it to the ground dead.

THE COUNT OF CONNEMARA

—OR—

The Old Pirate's Secret Treasure

By J. P. Richards

(A Serial Story.)

CHAPTER XI (continued)

Father and son had private reasons for suppressing the truth on those points, and they hoped to destroy their enemies without exposing certain family secrets.

In the meantime, the mysterious pirate ship continued to appear on the western coast of Ireland, and even close near the bay of Galway, at times playing the mischief with the English merchant vessels in her plundering cruises.

Whenever a large war ship would sail out in chase, the pirate would disappear in the most mysterious manner, more especially at night.

It then became rumored that the pirates had a hiding-place along the wild shores of Connemara, which abounded in small bays and secret caves, the entrances to which could only be navigated by the daring fishermen in the localities.

The huge high rocks and bluffs along that wild coast would hide the masts of large vessels, while it was dangerous for the frigates to approach them even in fair weather.

Tom Gilfoil saw no more of his muscular daughter after the morning of her expulsion.

Yet that vengeful damsel was ever on the track of the giant, and she kept a sharp eye on the pretended black boy also.

Joan Gilfoil soon learned that Lord Draco and his son hated the old Cuban and the young count, and she sought a private interview with the old lord.

Lord Draco was strolling in his lawn one afternoon when a rough lad approached him, saying:

"My Lord, I have something great to tell you, if you would only step over there to the grove."

The old nobleman stared at the disguised girl with his single eye, as he answered:

"How do I know, you rascal, but you want to get me into a trap."

"You have a sword and pistols handy, sir, and you can kill me if I am false."

"Then why don't you speak right out here on the open lawn?"

"Because there are eyes up at the house that may be watching us."

"Who are you, then?"

"I am an injured girl, and my name is Joan Gilfoil. If you would hear something to your liking go into the grove on your right, and I will back to the road and come to you at once."

Lord Draco consented, as he scented a discovery through the disguised girl, of whom he had heard through her father.

The pretended lad retreated toward the road as if dis-

missed by the master of the place, who strolled carelessly toward the grove.

Joan soon appeared before him, saying:

"I believe, my lord, that you trust my father very much?"

"Why not, after rescuing my girl from the pirates that night?"

"But what if I could prove that he is in with the pirates and their friends now, sir?"

"I can't believe it. You are angry with your father because he turned——"

"I admit all that, my lord, but I am here to serve you while getting even with him. I believe you don't like Mr. Magnus Costello much?"

The old lord winced and started.

"What has he got to do with the pirates and their friends, girl?" he asked.

"More than you think, perhaps."

"What reason have you to think so, mad girl?"

"I know that the young gentleman calling himself the Count of Connemara has pirates in his service. I know that my brother is one of them, and so is my father, for that matter."

"But your father is in my service, you mad creature."

"He pretends to be, when he is serving the young count in secret."

"I can't believe it. What other proof have you that Costello and the young count are connected with the pirates?"

"Enough to hang them all; but I must have my promise of reward before I tell you all."

"Name your reward, and you must have it."

"Then you must swear to me that my father and brother shall be hung as pirates, if they are proved to be so, and I must have the secret treasure belonging to the pirates that I may discover."

"I agree to all that, if you will prove that the gentlemen you mention are in league with the pirates."

"I can. I can prove that they visit the pirate ship when they pretend to be away in Dublin or elsewhere. I know what I say, for I tracked my little villain of a brother to the cove where the ship was lying only last night."

"The mischief you say? Than you can lead me there with a strong force of soldiers!"

"I can, and I will, if you will be cautious and trust in me."

The treacherous girl conversed with Lord Draco for some time after, when a perfect understanding was arrived at between them.

Captain Draco sailed out of Galway late that afternoon, and he steered the frigate along the coast toward the wild shores of Connemara.

During the evening several small parties of soldiers went out from Galway toward the mountain, under the pretense of searching for smugglers and outlaws on the hills.

A secret but strict watch was kept on the Costello mansion in the meanwhile.

(To be continued.)

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST

NOTED BLIND MEN.

In connection with the appeal for funds which was recently made in order to provide books for the blind it may be recalled that the inventor of the Braille system was not himself born blind.

Louis Braille, who died in 1852, lost his sight at the age of three, as the result of an accident, and, fortunately for the sightless, was admitted to the famous institution for the blind founded in 1784 at Paris by Valentine Haüy.

Here the boy's brilliant talents were encouraged in every way. He began to work on his system when in his twentieth year, and, after much patient endeavor, perfected the method now in general use.

There is hardly any walk of human life in which blind persons have not obtained distinction. James Holman, the famous "blind traveler," who died a few years after Braille, visited every place of note in the world. Viscount Cranborne, who died in 1865, was the author of many important historical essays. In April, 1858, a blind clergyman, the Rev. J. Sparrow, was elected chaplain of the Mercers' company, London, and read the service, etc., from embossed books.

But perhaps the most remarkable case of all is that of Henry Fawcett, the blind professor of political economy at Cambridge, who was elected M. P. for Brighton in 1865, for Hackney in 1874 and 1880, in which year he was appointed postmaster general.

A NEW RAIN MAKER.

John Potts, of Denver, Col., has a rain-making machine which is different from any other invention of the kind. He is now at work improving it, and says that when he has finished he will be able to bring a tropical downpour to any arid region.

Potts is a farmer's son, and drought has always impressed him as the farmer's greatest enemy. He observed that the rain clouds passed over his father's land day after day without unburdening themselves, but that as soon as they came in contact with the mountains in their course toward the west, rain fell plentifully. This was especially noticeable in the case of clouds heavily charged with electricity, which produced thunder showers. Potts concluded that with the electricity removed from the rain clouds, they would shed their contents. The mountains evidently drew the rains from the thunder clouds.

The result was Pott's invention, a device which consists of a balloon thirty feet long, with a width half as large, bristling with copper wires and cables similar to lightning rods and branching out from a copper cable around the middle of the inflated bag. These are connected with a long copper conductor, which extends to the ground and is there firmly attached. Launched into the middle of a rain cloud, this device, Potts asserts, will collect the elec-

tricity with which the air is charged and pour it down into the ground. The cloud, in effect, becomes grounded, is robbed of its electricity, and the liberated raindrops descend.

Potts says he has made an actual test of the efficiency of the device. In the midst of a protracted dry spell he coursed his balloon into the air. Almost immediately rain began to fall, he says, and continued until the balloon, inadequately prepared for the water which it aroused, fell to the ground. He is planning now to use a more rarefied form of oxygen in the balloon, and says he expects that his mechanism will be sustained for hours in the midst of pouring rain.

ENORMOUS EUROPEAN DEBTS.

Already the older countries of Europe stagger under enormous debts incurred in a similar manner in previous wars. France bears the heaviest burden of public debt, amounting, according to the latest available figures to about \$6,350,000,000. The United Kingdom follows, with about \$3,500,000,000. Spain, with her population of less than 20,000,000, pays the price of her past glories with a debt of about \$1,700,000,000, and Austria has a debt of about \$1,000,000,000. The burden of the German Empire is forty-five years old and the amount does not include the debts of the States. The debt of Prussia alone is about \$2,350,000,000, raising the combined amount for the empire and for this single State to the level of that of Great Britain.

The annual debt charges of the French Republic for interest and sinking funds alone, according to recent figures, are about \$255,000,000 annually; of Great Britain, about \$120,000,000; of Austria-Hungary, about \$60,000,000, and of the German Empire, about \$62,000,000.

Of the great Russian Empire the total debt is approximately \$4,550,000,000, and the annual charges are about \$207,000,000. In the case of Russia, however, these amounts do not represent exclusively money blown away in powder and ball, but hundreds of millions devoted to productive works, like the Trans-Siberian Railway. How much these charges are to be increased in all these countries by the war is almost beyond human computation.

Inevitably, a large part of the burden imposed by the waste of war will fall upon the laborer and the man of small means. They may not pay the taxes directly, but they will pay them indirectly. For them the war means in a large measure that the increased productive power of the race due to machinery, which has added so vastly to human comfort in our time, will be canceled by the waste of war. It means that the price of everything they buy will be increased in order that the dealers may pay higher taxes, and that the value of the money with which they buy will decline in their hands if the contending States are compelled to resort to excessive issues of paper money.

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It is believed that the island of Mindanao produces the largest flower in the world. Its habitat is high up the Parag Mountain, 2,500 feet above the level of the sea. The natives give it the name of Bolo. Its full-blown blossom, five-petaled, is more than three feet in diameter and weighs twenty-two pounds. The flower was first found in Sumatra and was called Rafflesia Schadenburgia.

One of the men of the First royal Scots fusileers, who reached Southampton recently from South Africa, was Private McDevet, who, though in the prime of life, has snow-white hair. He had a narrow escape from being buried alive in India. After an attack of fever he was pronounced to be dead and was placed on a slab in the mortuary to await burial. Two hours later the sentry outside heard knocking from within. He opened the door and was startled to see McDevet sitting up. The experience turned McDevet's hair white. The sentry was driven mad by the shock and died.

Albert G. Dahn, chairman of the sideshow committee of the Commercial Club's society circus and Wild West show, Columbus, Ind., is having troubles of his own. He bought a den or snakes of a stranded snake charmer at the fair several days ago and William Kennedy, one of Dahn's employees, was promptly bitten by a black python when giving the reptile a bath. Dahn has found that they will eat sparrows and young mice. He began to hurry boys

with air guns after sparrows and set traps for mice. He did very well for a day or two, but he has caught all the mice in his neighborhood and has now appealed to the newspapers to help him out. The newspapers are running advertisements for Dahn stating that he wants snake food, and that unless the food is forthcoming shortly the Commercial Club will not have any snakes for its show.

A St. Petersburg dispatch to the Reuter Telegram Company reports that surviving members of the Arctic expedition which was headed by Lieut. Sedoff, and left for the North in 1912, have arrived at Archangel. The survivors said that Lieut. Sedoff died in a vain attempt to reach the North Pole. The expedition spent the winter of 1912 in newly discovered territory, and later Sedoff proceeded to Franz Josef Land, whence he started for the pole, accompanied by two sailors. The leader fell ill on the way and died. The Russian Government sent an expedition to the relief of Lieut. Sedoff early this year, and it is probable that this expedition brought back the survivors. According to Lieut. Sedoff's plans the expedition, on reaching Franz Josef Land, was to divide in two parts early in 1913. One party, consisting of the lieutenant and two companions, was to make a dash for the pole, while the other members of the expedition remained behind to carry on the scientific work. When Lieut. Sedoff announced his intention of making a dash for the pole, Emperor Nicholas subscribed \$5,000 to a fund to aid him.

THE BOY WHO DID IT

—OR—

ALL FOR THE GOOD OF THE TOWN

By William Wade

(A Serial Story)

CHAPTER XI (continued)

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Stevenson, looking at Rod.

"Yes, sir! I paid it," replied Rod, who carried in his pocket the written agreement of the mill company to buy his land.

"Oh, indeed!" said the agent. "I wasn't aware——"

"That I was able to do it?" said Rod. "Well, I did it. I'll make you a new mortgage if you wish to buy."

"I—I'm not empowered to do that," stammered the agent. "I thought the mortgage on that property could be bought cheap, now that everything is so run down at the Vill."

He scarcely knew what to say. Rod had taken the wind all out of his sails.

"By the way," said Mr. Mellers, preparing to mix up the good man still further, without the least idea of what he was about, "you mentioned in your letter that you were in the market to buy the fifty lots the bank has held so long at the Vill. I'm sorry to disappoint you, but the lots have already been sold."

The agent's jaw dropped.

He was a shrewd and rather unprincipled fellow.

His plan had been to buy the lots and sell them to the new woolen mill corporation at an advance.

"Who has bought them?" he exclaimed. "It seems as though I am too late all around."

"This gentleman is the present owner," replied the cashier, motioning toward Rod.

"What!" cried Mr. Stevenson. "You?"

"I'm the boy who did it," said Rod. "The lots are for sale, though, if you want to buy?"

"At what price?"

"Five hundred each. They came into the hands of the bank by foreclosure. They are full and clear. I am prepared to sell them for cash."

"Well, upon my word, you are pretty thundering smart!" cried the agent. "So you are trying to head me off all around, are you? Look out you don't kill the goose that is booked to lay the golden egg, and lose the new mill."

The cat was out of the bag now.

"Mill! What new mill?" cried Mr. Mellers, interested all at once.

"A new woolen mill we are going to have up at the Vill," said Rod, quietly.

Adding:

"Don't trouble yourself at all, Mr. Stevenson, my lawyers have arranged it all with your principals. The papers are already signed."

The wily agent turned almost green with rage.

"You think yourself pretty thundering smart——" he began, when he was suddenly interrupted by Mr. Mellers.

"Smart! Well, yes, he is smart!" cried the cashier.

"We have carried those lots at a loss these ten years, never dreaming that their value could increase. Would you suppose that any living man could make four hundred dollars apiece out of them? Hardly. Yet that's the boy who did it!"

He pointed his finger at Rod, adding:

"That boy right there!"

CHAPTER XII.

DOING IT EVERY DAY.

Three months slipped along and a great change came over the fortunes of the Vill, as well as over those of its last resident, Rod Bowman.

The place was alive with workmen now.

The new woolen mill was rapidly building, the walls were all up and almost ready for the roof.

On either side and across the way neat workmen's cottages were in process of construction, some thirty altogether.

The mill corporation was not building these.

Neither was Mr. Stevenson, as he expected to do.

The builder was a boy, and that boy was Rod Bowman.

No one looking around and seeing the new boom at the Vill could deny that Rod was the boy who did it all.

He worked with a persistency really wonderful for one of his years.

He was doing it every day.

Something for the good of the town, we mean.

To build up the place which bore his father's name was the one thing uppermost in Rod's thoughts.

But what puzzled people was to know how he did it.

Charley kept the secret of the finding of the buried treasure strictly to himself.

So did Annie.

Not the faintest inkling of how Rod got his new-found wealth leaked out.

All sorts of theories were propounded to account for it.

But there was one thing that was a certain fact:

Rod Bowman, who but three months ago had been nothing but a poor boy working in a grocery store, was doing a lot for the good of the town.

Here are a few of the things Rod had done:

Brought the new woolen mill to Bowmanville.

Rod worked this scheme up all himself.

He saw in the paper that the woolen company were thinking of moving to some country place on account of the perpetual labor troubles, and he wrote to them and called their attention to Bowmanville.

How the matter worked out we already know. The mill was now rapidly approaching completion.

Next there were the houses.

Rod was building them himself with Mr. Melvin's help to boss the men.

The design was Rod's, the plans were Rod's, the bills were all paid by Rod, and promptly, too, and every one admitted that it was really remarkable how much intelligence as to the building business the boy displayed.

The next thing Rod had done for the town was to start real estate booming.

(To be continued.)

INTERESTING TOPICS

Large numbers of British Indian troops have been passing through Winnipeg en route to the battlefields in France. One man returning from the Canadian city stated that twenty-six trainloads of Gurkhas and Sikhs had passed through Winnipeg recently. The voyage from Calcutta to Vancouver, via Hongkong, took twenty-eight days.

Martin Sheets has ordered a telephone in his new \$8,000 mausoleum in Highland Lawn Cemetery, Terre Haute, Ind. He will pay rent far enough in advance always to cover a few months beyond his death. Some years ago, when Sheets had a monument erected at the grave of his father, he made a statement of what he paid for the monument and the amount it cost him cut in granite.

The value of the recoverable gold, silver, copper, lead and zinc produced in the mines of California in 1913 was \$26,812,419, according to the announcement made by Charles G. Yale of the United States Geological Survey. Except in zinc there was an increase in the output of all of the metals. The output of gold was the largest in thirty-one years, totaling \$20,406,958. Only three times in forty-nine years has the gold output exceeded \$20,000,000.

While some repair work was being done at Yankton College a basement was opened to cut a door through and a live toad was found in an air shaft. It had been entombed, without doubt, for twenty-two years, ever since Ward Hall of Science was constructed. The toad had resided in its brick tomb so long it was "brick red" on the underside. While grown to a large size it had no claws. It appeared to have worn off its claws in trying to get out. How it had lived is a mystery. Not a drop of moisture could have reached the toad in all the years it had been a prisoner.

A tape measure caused the death of Charles Doersch recently in Grand View, Rockland County, N. Y. Coroner Theodore Semindinger found that Bernard McNulty, an electrician, dropped a cloth tape measure, lined with fine copper wire, from the top of a pole. The upper end fell over a live wire, charged with 3,000 volts. When Doersch took hold of it he was thrown to the ground unconscious. McNulty descended and found Doersch dead. The delicate wire inside the cloth measure conducted the full charge from the live wire to Doersch's hand. The victim, whose home was in Nyack, leaves a wife and three children.

The advent of Oliphant, already a player of great reputation, in the field of service athletics recalls that West Point received a great many of these trained men some years ago, while up to that time Annapolis had received almost none, the age limit for admission being two years higher at West Point. At one time the situation threatened the disruption of athletic relations and a set of eligi-

bility rules were adopted. This agreement expired, and as the situation was not acute it was never renewed. In fact, the navy has had more players who had achieved some note at other schools than has the army in recent years.

Several large cisterns were dug on the new fair grounds at Janesville, Wis., and boarded over. Workmen preparing to fix connections with the cisterns and the water pipes were surprised to find two dogs and a dead rabbit in one of them. The dogs had evidently chased poor bunny into what he thought was a place of safety and had been trapped themselves when they sought to follow him. As there was no water in the cistern they landed at the bottom. How long they were in the hole is not known, but the rabbit had kept them from starving and was partially consumed. When released they made tracks for home.

Mrs. Elvina Waldron, of Marion County, has just celebrated her one hundred and twelfth birthday at her home on Sister Creek, Ark., where she has lived forty-four years. One hundred and twenty descendants were present at the celebration, including children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren and great-great-grandchildren. She is the mother of sixteen children, eleven of whom are living. Her oldest son is eighty-three years old. She has in all 723 descendants. She is the widow of John Waldron, who was a Confederate soldier and died in 1890. Mrs. Waldron was born in Ohio County, Ky., where she lived until coming to Arkansas. She has a brother living, Elias Gregory, of Louisville, Ky. She has never worn glasses. She frequently walks five miles a day.

The newest kind of automobile has but two wheels, arranged like those of a bicycle. Because of its improved machinery it can go at a much faster rate than the ordinary automobile, and, having only the two wheels, can travel where it would be difficult or impossible for a four-wheeled car to move. On account of the fact that it is balanced automatically by a gyroscope, the new automobile is called the gyro car. A gyroscope is a rapidly revolving balance wheel, moving, as the earth rotates, on its axis. The principle, which is the same as that of a spinning top, was discovered long ago, but has only in the last few years been put to practical use. After successful experiments had been made in the operation of one-rail cars in Europe through the use of the gyroscope, inventors began working on two-wheeled automobiles equipped with similar balancing apparatus. The whole apparatus is hidden in the body of the car. The gyroscope is run by an electric motor at a speed of from 1,200 to 1,500 revolutions per minute. It is so mounted that it is not affected by any grade or horizontal turn, but acts instantly when the car starts to tip sidewise. When the car is not in motion it tilts only slightly, being held by supports beneath the body.

A FEW GOOD ITEMS

While playing hide and seek, the little daughter of Lester Fahnestock, of Hagerstown, Md., crawled into a churn that stood in the yard. When found, she was wedged in so tightly that she could not extricate herself. She suffered intense pain, and her cries for help attracted fifty persons to the scene, but none could pull her out. The child and churn were carried to the blacksmith shop of L. H. Haney, who cut the hoops of the churn, and the frightened girl was released.

By beautiful and elaborate Oriental ceremonies "Japan Beautiful," the largest concession on the Zone of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, was dedicated August 29. The programme included Japanese wrestling, jiu-jitsu and sword contests and other interesting features. More than 5,000 invitations were issued, and Japanese attended from every section of the State. "Japan Beautiful," when finished, will cover more than four acres of ground and will cost about \$250,000.

The United States Post Office has refused to recognize Mexican Constitutionalist postage stamps as legal, and has instructed the postmaster at Laredo, Tex., to deliver no mail from Mexico bearing the stamp, unless a postage due notation is placed thereon and collected. All Mexican mail arriving here now bear these stamps, and consequently a large amount of mail will be held for collection of postage.

Jess Connell, one of the owners of the Humboldt mine in the Trinity Range, Nevada, has perhaps discovered one of the richest mines in the Trinity Range district. Connell's find was unusually fortunate, inasmuch as it was made while he was hunting jackrabbits for his evening meal. What he supposed to be an outcropping of limestone and granite was in reality gold quartz, and a sample with which he returned is estimated by old-time miners to run about \$5,000 to the ton. The vein approximates six inches in width and crops for 30 feet.

A. W. Johnson, manager of an auto truck company, who is camping at Foote Crossing, Col., is a lucky person, and instead of digging down in his jeans for expenses he will probably go home ahead of the game. Johnson is fishing along the Middle Yuba River, and a few days ago he picked up a fine nugget. The find stimulated Johnson to greater efforts, and surely he was well rewarded, for he found another specimen in the river that is valued at \$125. It is a pretty piece, with particles of quartz sticking out between the gold, and was evidently washed down from some rich claim in the mountains.

Bristling and baring its fangs when cornered, a cub timber wolf, which is believed to have loped its way for many miles from the northern woods, was rounded up by a crowd of boys at Twenty-fifth street and Portland avenue,

Minneapolis, recently. Worn out by its long trip and the encounters it had held with dogs, it was too weary to fight, but could only stand fiercely at bay while the lads closed in. With lasso and gunny sack the boys captured the creature. It was placed in a wooden cage and showed such resentment against confinement that the police have been asked to take charge of it.

F. M. Stahl, a farmer living near Wakefield, Kan., has what is supposed to be a new way of making hens lay. He told of it while in the city, and the scheme seems to be a good one. "After the wheat is cut and threshed," said Mr. Stahl, "there is always more or less grain on the ground which is an absolute waste. In order to prevent this I built a portable hen house, put the chickens in it, hitched a team to it and away we went to the stubble fields, where I left it standing. The hens took to the new location like a duck to water and before very long I noticed a substantial increase in the egg production. In about a week I moved the hen house fifteen rods further on and thereby supplied a new range for the hens. I kept this up until I had covered the entire field. During that period I had sold \$200 worth of eggs and had fattened about two hundred fryers, all on the wheat that had formerly been wasted. Of course, the grasshoppers and other insects that the hens found in the field, together with the green stuff, helped some. My work was repaid and I am doing the same thing this year and intend to keep it up."

"Skinny the Walker" arrived in New York Wednesday, August 26, after a 3,539-mile "hike" from Tacoma, Wash., and on Thursday he started on his return trip. "Skinny's" name is William H. McKay and he calls himself a lawyer, lecturer and globe trotter. He is thirty-eight years old and must walk every foot of the way back to win a \$1,500 wager made by the Athletic Association of the Pacific coast. When he reached New York he was nine days behind his schedule. About twenty-three years ago McKay was an office boy employed by a Portland newspaper. He entered a boys' race for a prize offered by the newspaper and won \$500. It was then he lost so much weight he was christened "Skinny the Walker." After he had become known as a walker he covered 7,000 miles in South Africa, 1,500 miles in Australia and 2,000 miles in the British Isles. This is his third trip across the American continent, and he has covered a total of 44,747 miles. In addition to his walking feats, McKay has helped establish six athletic clubs for women walkers on the Pacific coast. McKay has gone from three to five days at a time without anything to eat save what he might find growing by the wayside, and also claims to have slept out of doors winter and summer on burning deserts or snowy mountains. When he left Thursday he had a plug of chewing tobacco and his wit and nerve to carry him through.

PLUCK AND LUCK

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 30, 1914.

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GOOD CURRENT NEWS ARTICLES

Though both arms were severed within three inches of the shoulder six years ago, David T. Jones, of Baltimore, has mastered stenography. With the aid of several rubber bands to fasten a pencil or penholder to the right arm he is able to write in an exceptionally neat manner.

William T. Wiley, aged forty-five, met death at his homestead, near Princeton, Ore., forty miles southeast of Burns, as a result of being bitten on the hand by a rattlesnake. The reptile struck him between the thumb and forefinger of the right hand and he had no medical assistance until nearly thirty-two hours after the occurrence. Wiley was a barber and had taken up a homestead near Princeton.

Miss Ariel Vilas, who has attained the dignity of four weeks, enjoys the distinction of being the first "aeroplane baby." She was christened at a distance of approximately 1,000 feet from the earth and gurgled with delight over the sensation of having a name bestowed upon her while soaring like a bird, with her father at the wheel. Ariel is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Vilas. They conceived the original idea of christening their firstborn in the air.

The richest charity patients on record were at the county hospital, Los Angeles, September 5. Mr. and Mrs. James Leach, aged seventy, on their way from Glenwood Springs, Col., to San Diego, appeared at the hospital complaining of fatigue. According to the hospital rules all patients' money must be left with the superintendent. "Have you any money?" the superintendent asked Leach. "A little," was the reply, as Leach produced a heavy canvas bag containing \$5,000 in \$20 gold pieces and \$7,000 in currency.

To find the location of a \$450 diamond ring which she had accidentally swallowed, Minnie, a trained elephant, performing at a Cincinnati summer resort, was compelled to submit to being X-ray photographed. The elephant was eating peanuts out of the hand of a man wearing the valuable ring, when playfully she slipped the saliva-covered end of her trunk over the fingers of the hand in search

for more peanuts, and to the astonishment and consternation of the man, took the ring along in withdrawing it. Quickly she tossed it into her yawning mouth, heedless of the futile efforts of the owner to make her drop it. To locate the ring X-ray photography was resorted to. Minnie's side was marked off into seven sections and seven X-ray plates were marked to correspond with the numbers painted on her side. One after another the photographs were made of her interior in an effort to find the exact location of the missing ring. The ring was finally found firmly lodged in the throat of the elephant, and she could not cough it up nor would it go down. A veterinary surgeon was summoned, and he probed the animal's throat for the ring. The valuable gem was soon recovered and the elephant was none the worse for her novel experience.

GRINS AND CHUCKLES

"How are you getting on in your suit with Miss X?" "Well, she has promised to give me a wireless kiss."

"Pop!" "Yes, my son." "I know why people walk in their sleep." "You do? Why is it?" "Because their feet don't go to sleep."

Mr. Oldboy—The mountain air is very exhilarating. I feel like a two-year-old this morning. Miss Younger—And you look it, too, fifty times over.

Sally Brown—Your mother seemed very much amused at that little story I told her last night. Dolly—Yes, mother has laughed at that story ever since I can remember.

"What's the matter, dear? Your hair is standing on end." "I put it up in curl papers last night, and the newspaper I used was filled with horrible crimes."

A man who wished to take proceedings against a creditor in a distant town sent a letter addressed: "To any respectable lawyer in A——" The postoffice returned the letter marked "Not known."

"A bacteriologist says millions of germs ride on crowded trolley cars." "I'm not surprised to hear that. A germ is about the only thing that could ride on a crowded trolley car with any degree of comfort."

Lady of the House—Half the things you wash are torn to pieces. Washerwoman—Yes, mum; but when a thing is torn in two or more pieces, mum, I only charge for them as one piece, mum.

Claude had been promised a motor ride with his father, and his mother had sent him upstairs to get ready. As he came down his mother asked: "Have you washed your face, Claude?" "Yes'm," answered the boy. "And your hands?" queried the mother. "Yep," said Claude. "And your neck?" persisted the mother. "Oh, see here, mother," said the boy, in disgust, "I ain't no angel!"

THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES

THE FIRST THEATER IN THIS COUNTRY.

September 5 was the birthday of the stage in America, for just 162 years ago the first theater in this country was opened in the colony of Virginia at old Williamsburg. The originator was an English actor, William Hallam, Sr., who brought his own company from overseas and presented "The Merchant of Venice" as the initial performance. The idea spread rapidly, and soon New York, Philadelphia, and the other leading communities of Colonial America each had their theaters. At the close of the century theaters were open in the capitals of nearly all the thirteen original States.

While the Virginian playhouse was the first in the United States, actors had played in the colonies before this date. The first is said to have been the English strolling player, Anthony Aston, who was known as Mat Medley. The actor and his art of that day were generally despised by the puritanical colonists. The Massachusetts Legislature passed a law shortly after amateurs had given "The Orphans" at the Coffee House in Boston in 1749, which forbade such performances, attaching a penalty for actors and spectators alike of \$25 each. The opposition in Philadelphia was so great that Hallam was compelled to build his theater in 1759 outside of the city proper, in a district then in disrepute, and known as Southwark, or "Society Hill."

Even then vigorous efforts were made to close the theater. A petition was addressed to Judge William Allen, who refused to act, declaring that he had obtained stronger moral lessons from attending the theater than from any sermons he had heard in church.

To-day the theatrical profession is a huge industry in which more than \$100,000,000 is invested. There are in the United States over 3,000 theaters, not counting the 20,000 or more moving picture theaters, or circuses, and halls for general entertainment.

THE DACHSHUND.

The dachshund, or German badger dog, which is so popular with the bench show exhibitors just now, is no mere fad of the longest pedigreed breeds or varieties of domesticated dogs in existence. From the year 2000 B. C., when, as ancient inscriptions show, he was the pet of Dhotmes III., ruler of Egypt, he has always enjoyed the favor of persons of high degree.

The dachshund is now looked upon as a distinctly German breed. It is said that there were no dachshunds in the Fatherland until after the French revolution, when the French refugees or emigrants took the French dachshunds with them to their new homes. That contention, however, is not generally considered well founded.

The dachshund is considered to be the national dog of Germany. He is what the bulldog is to the English, the poodle to the French, the borzi to the Russian, and the Boston terrier to the American. The rough dachshund is perhaps more a native of the south, and there may be a

cross of the old spaniels of Hungary and Transylvania in his make-up.

To the dog fancier the legs are among the more important parts of the dachshund. They should come down from the chest, which is broad and massive, slope well toward one another till the ankle joints nearly touch, the chest dropping down to the ankles." One writer remarks that the fore feet should be "an inch from the chest," turn away from one another and spread out. A dog, however, with only an inch between chest and feet would have great difficulty in traveling as a working dog, and it is a difficult matter to breed a dachshund perfectly sound in his front and possessing a perfect crook.

Hunting and locating the badger is the acknowledged task of the dachshund. By the use of his good voice and persistent ways he has always been found a most useful dog for those purposes. The dachshund is a keen-nosed and sensible dog.

SHORTAGE IN DRUGS.

Among the serious effects produced on business by the war has been a shortage in many manufactured articles hitherto imported almost exclusively from Germany and Austria-Hungary. No trade has suffered more severely than that in drugs. Nearly all the so-called synthetic drugs, such as antipyrine, phenacetin, aspirin, chloral and sulphonal, are made in Germany. So also is the artificial sweetening agent, saccharin, as well as important anti-septic agents, quinine, morphine, cocaine, etc. It is rumored that attempts are being made to corner the very small supplies now in Great Britain. Dealers are stated to be speculating in fancy prices in the near future, for no further imports can be expected until the war is over. This is probably not so, except in unimportant individual cases, but the retail purchaser is already paying more than he ever did before, and the situation is bound to become more aggravated.

Three weeks ago bromide of potash was worth about 34 cents a pound; to-day it commands \$2.50 a pound. Cocaine has risen from \$1.25 to \$2.50 and even \$3 an ounce. Sodium salicylate fetches from 75 cents to \$1 a pound, as against 25 cents last month. The advance in the price of quinine is slight, because of the large supply stored in London. The Pharmaceutical Society has advised druggists throughout the country to observe great economy. The Government will probably establish control over certain drugs in the interests of the community.

As a matter of fact, England has no one to blame but herself. She has allowed Germany to secure a practical monopoly in the production of dyes and of what are sometimes called "fine chemicals" as distinguished from cheaper and commoner materials like soda.

While the United States is undoubtedly far better equipped to supply her own needs, there is a large trade in drugs with Germany which will be paralyzed by the war and lead to higher prices at home.

CHANGING MONEY TRICK BOX.



With this trick box you can make money change, from a penny into a dime or vice versa. Also make dimes appear and disappear at your command. Price, 10c. each by mail, postpaid.

H. F. LANG,
1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

CACHOO OR SNEEZING POWDER.



The greatest fun-maker of them all. A small amount of this powder, when blown in a room, will cause everyone to sneeze without anyone knowing where it comes from. It is very light, will float in the air for some time, and penetrate every nook and corner of a room. It is perfectly harmless. Cachoo is put up in bottles, and one bottle contains enough to be used from 10 to 15 times. Price, by mail, 10c. each; 3 for 25c.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

HINDOO FLOWER-POT TRICK



With this trick you can make a plant grow right up in a flower-pot, before the eyes of your audience. An ordinary empty earthen flower-pot is handed to the spectators for examination. A handkerchief is then placed over it, and you repeat a few magic words, and wave your wand over it. When the handkerchief is removed there is a beautiful plant, apparently in full bloom, in the pot. Full directions with each outfit. Price, 15 cents by mail, postpaid.

FRANK SMITH, 383 Lenox Ave., N. Y.

MARBLE VASE.



A clever and puzzling effect, easy to do; the apparatus can be minutely examined. Effect: A marble can be made to pass from the hand into the closed vase, which a moment before was shown empty. This is a beautiful enameled turned wood vase. Price, 20c.

FRANK SMITH, 383 Lenox Ave., N. Y.

NEW MASKS



Half-face masks with movable noses. A distinct novelty which will afford no end of amusement. They come in 6 styles, each a different face, such as Desperate Desmond, etc., and are beautifully colored and splendidly finished, with patent eyelets to prevent tearing. Price 15 cents apiece, by mail, postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

JAPANESE WATER FLOWERS



Without exception, the most beautiful and interesting things on the market. They consist of a dozen dried-up sprigs, neatly encased in handsomely decorated envelopes, just as they are imported from Japan. Place one sprig in a bowl of water, and it begins to exude various bright tints. Then it slowly opens out into various shapes of exquisite flowers. They are of all colors of the rainbow. It is very amusing to watch them take form.

Small size, price 5 cents; large size, 10 cents a package, by mail, postpaid.

FRANK SMITH, 383 Lenox Ave., N. Y.

YOU ALL WANT THIS MEDAL!

You Can Get One for Six Cents!

Has a picture of Fred Fearnot on one side and Evelyn on the other. The chief characters of



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The Medals are beautifully fire-gilt.

In order that every reader of this Weekly may secure one or more of these medals, we have put the price away below cost, as you will see when you receive it. Send to us THREE TWO-CENT POSTAGE STAMPS, and we will send the medal to any address, postage paid, by return mail.

REMEMBER! You can secure as many medals as you want.

Address your envelope plainly to
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168 West 23d Street, New York

TRICK FAN.



A lady's fan made of colored silk cloth. The fan may be used and then shut, and when it opens again, it falls in pieces; shut and open again and it is perfect, without a sign of a break. A great surprise for those not in the trick. Price, 35c. by mail, postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

Ayvad's Water-Wings



Learn to swim by one trial

Price 25 cents, Postpaid

These water-wings take up no more room than a pocket-handkerchief. They weigh 3 ounces and support from 50 to 250 pounds. With a pair anyone can learn to swim or float. For use, you have only to wet them, blow them up, and press together the two line marks under the mouthpiece.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

BINGO.



It is a little metal box. It looks very innocent. But it is supplied with an ingenious mechanism which shoots off a harmless cap when it is opened. You can have more fun than a circus with this new trick. Place the BINGO in or under

any article and it will go off when the article is opened or removed. It can be used as a funny joke by being placed in a purse, cigarette box or between the leaves of a magazine, also, under any movable article, such as a book, tray, dish, etc. The BINGO can also be used as a Burglar Alarm or as a Theft Preventer by being placed in a drawer, money till, under a door or window, or under any article that would be moved or disturbed should a theft be attempted.

Price 15 cents each, by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

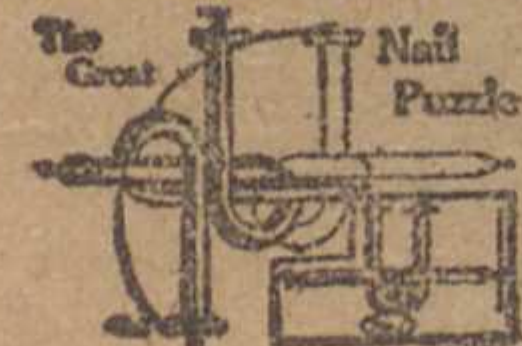
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The real western article, carried by the cowboys. It is made of fine leather, with a highly nicked buckle. The holster contains a metal gun, of the same pattern as those used by all the most famous scouts. Any boy wearing one of these fobs will attract attention. It will give him an air of western romance. The prettiest and most serviceable watch fob ever made. Send for one to-day. Price 20 cents each by mail postpaid.

FRANK SMITH,
383 Lenox Ave., N. Y.

NAIL PUZZLE.



Made of 2 metal nails linked together. Keeps folks guessing; easy to take them apart when you know how. Directions with every one.

Price, 6c., postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

THE DANCING NIGGER



A comical toy with which you can have no end of fun. It consists of a cut-out figure fastened to a thread suspended between the ends of a spring. By pressing the wires between the fingers and thumb the figure will dance in the funniest manner. Price 10 cents each, by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

DEVILINE'S WHISTLE.



Nickel plated and polished; it produces a near-piercing sound; large seller; illustration actual size. Price, 12c. by mail.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

Asthma

& HAY FEVER REMEDY sent by express to you on Free Trial. If it cures send \$1; if not, don't. Give express office. Write today. Address W. K. STERLINE, 837 Poplar St. Sidney, Ohio

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You can conquer it easily in 3 days. Improve your health, prolong your life. No more stomach trouble, no foul breath, no heart weakness. Regain manly vigor, calm nerves, clear eyes and superior mental strength. Whether you chew or smoke pipe, cigarettes, cigars, get my interesting Tobacco Book. Worth its weight in gold. Mailed free. E. J. WOODS, 534 Sixth Ave., 228 C. New York, N. Y.

Old Coins Wanted. \$1 to \$600 paid for hundreds of coins dated before 1895. Send 10c for our illustrated coin value book, 4x7; get posted. Clark & Co., Box 95, Le Roy, N. Y.

Wizard Repeating LIQUID PISTOL



Will stop the most vicious dog (or man) without permanent injury. Perfectly safe to carry without danger of leakage. Fires and recharges by pulling the trigger. Loads from any liquid. No cartridges required. Over 6 shots in one loading. All dealers, or by mail, 50c. Rubber-covered Holster, 10c. With Pistol, 55c. Money-order or Postage stamps. No coin. PARKER, STEARNS & CO., 294 Sheffield Avenue, Dept. E, Brooklyn, N. Y.

VENTRILOQUISM

Almost anyone can learn it at home. Small cost. Send to-day 2-cent stamp for particulars and proof. O. A. SMITH, Room D116-828 Bigelow St., Peoria, Ill.

ROUGH AND READY TUMBLERS.

These lively acrobats are handsomely decorated with the U. S. flag and with gold and silver stars and hearts. Upon placing them upon any flat surface and tilting it they at once begin a most wonderful performance, climbing and tumbling over each other and chasing each other in every direction, as if the evil spirit was after them, causing roars of laughter from the spectators. They actually appear imbued with life. What causes them to cut up such antics is a secret that may not be known even to the owner of the unruly subjects. If you want some genuine fun send for a set of our tumblers.

Price per set, 10c. mailed, postpaid. A. A. WARFORD, 16 Hart St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE FOUNTAIN RING.

A handsome ring connected with a rubber ball which is concealed in the palm of the hand. A gentle squeeze forces water or cologne in the face of the victim while he is examining it. The ball can be instantly filled by immersing ring in water same as a fountain pen filler. Price by mail, postpaid, 12c. each.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

THE JUMPING FROG.

This little novelty creates a world of laughter. Its chief attractiveness is that it takes a few seconds before leaping high in the air, so that when set, very innocently along side of an unsuspecting person, he is suddenly startled by the wonderful activity of this frog. Price, 15c. each by mail postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

STAR AND CRESCENT PUZZLE.

The puzzle is to separate the one star from the linked star and crescent without using force. Price by mail, postpaid 10c.; 3 for 25c.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO.,
29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

THE PEG JUMPER.

A very effective pocket trick, easily to be performed by any one. A miniature paddle is shown. Central holes are drilled through it. A wooden peg is inside of the upper hole. Showing now both sides of the paddle, the performer causes, by simply breathing upon it, the peg to leave the upper hole, and appear in the middle one. Then it jumps to the lower hole, back to the middle one, and lastly to the upper hole. Both sides of the paddle are repeatedly shown. Price by mail, 15c.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.



POCKET WHISK-BROOM

This is no toy, but a real whisk-broom, 6½ inches high. It is made of imported Japanese bristles, neatly put together, and can easily be carried in the vest pocket, ready for use at any moment, for hats or clothing, etc. Price 10 cents each, by mail, postpaid.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., N. Y.

NEW TEN-CENT FOUNTAIN PEN.



One of the most peculiar and mystifying pens on the market. It requires no ink. All you have to do is to dip it in water, and it will write for an indefinite period. The secret can only be learned by procuring one, and you can make it a source of both pleasure and amusement by claiming to your friends what it can do and then demonstrating the fact. Moreover, it is a good pen, fit for practical use, and will never leak ink into your pocket, as a defective fountain pen might do.

Price, 10c. each by mail.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

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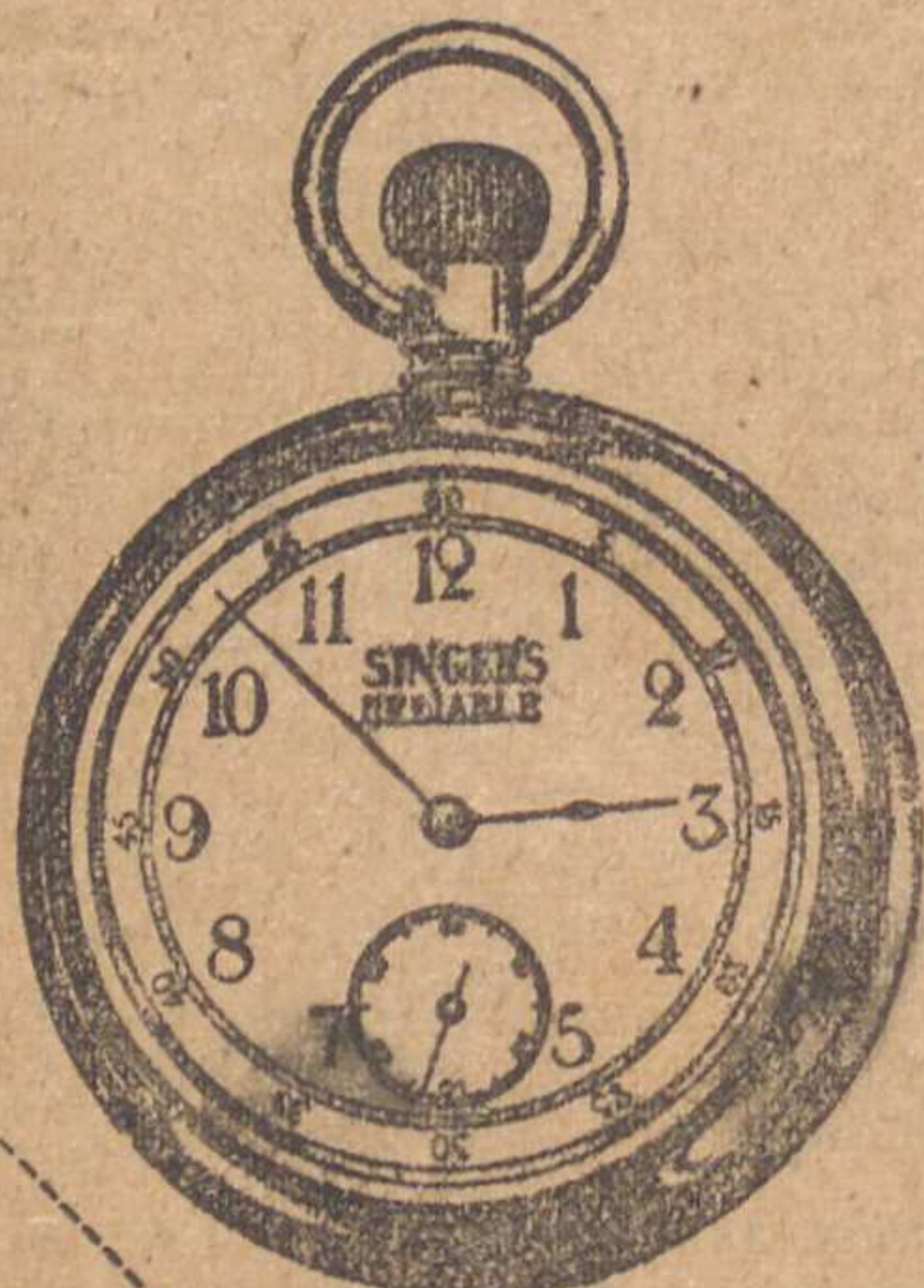


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